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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

HOW ITALIANS AND SLAVS AGREED

COUNT SFORZA, Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, in an interview with a representative of the *Daily Telegraph* on his recent visit to London, thus describes the negotiations which resulted in the Rapallo Treaty:

You have mentioned the new Rapallo Treaty. Well, how did we set about it at Santa Margherita? There was no bargaining; no, none at all; no 'Machiavellism,' as popular prejudice (which knows nothing of Machiavelli!) would say. I went straight to my Jugoslav colleagues and friends — I did not say opponents — and I told them frankly that the need of a lasting and whole-hearted accord between their country and mine was so essential to their common prosperity, and to European peace, because of our interdependent economic interests, because of certain external perils affecting both our futures, that I meant to take a short cut, indeed, the shortest to the end I had in view. That was why, as I explained, I had framed proposals which I had convinced myself, after considering them objectively from every possible angle — Italian, Jugoslav, and, last but not least, European — embodied the maximum concessions national Italian sentiment could ever consent to make, and, likewise, the minimum Jugoslav national sentiment could be counted upon to accept.

'I have done this,' I said to the Jugoslav Ministers, 'regardless of any unpopularity I may thereby incur, because I feel that the issue and the hour are sufficiently grave to warrant such a departure from diplomatic orthodoxy. It is true that you have been asked to give up some four hundred thousand Slavs who happen to be dwelling within Italy's indispensable Alpine frontier. But it is also true that we are offering to renounce, in the shape of Dalmatia, a great historic land, which is, as it were, a hallowed landmark in the development of Italian civilization. You are, militarily speaking, among the bravest of the brave. Let your political courage equal your martial valor!'

The Jugoslav response was instant and wholehearted. We certainly did not on either side enter upon the negotiations as adversaries seeking to gain selfish advantages. And we emerged from them accordingly as Allies! . . .

FRENCH PROBLEMS IN NORTH AFRICA

'LE TEMPS' has for some time advocated a more liberal policy toward the Moslem subjects of France in Northern Africa. It says that the stern measures taken by the government to anticipate a possible native uprising in Tunis have caused 'a veritable reign of terror over the natives, so that we see those who have money enough to get out of the country soliciting and obtaining English or Italian citizenship in order to escape the jurisdiction of the French authorities.' It adds that there is 'not a Mussulman in Northern Africa who does not know the extensive rights which the Egyptians are about to receive,' and that 'Italy is in the eyes of the rank and file of the Mohammedan population a liberator, while France

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is represented as reactionary and despotic.' This condition is attributed to the arbitrary measures of local officials, who have defeated the intent of the liberal legislation enacted at Paris.

BELGIAN EMIGRATION FIGURES

'L'INDEPENDANCE BELGIQUE' publishes figures showing the remarkable increase of emigration to America through the port of Antwerp. During the first three months of 1920, when this tide was at its beginning, 13,000 embarked for America, of whom 4500 were Poles, 2200 Belgians, 817 Italians, and the remainder distributed among other nationalities. Commenting upon these figures and the steerage lists for the much heavier subsequent sailings, this journal remarks that, comparing present figures with those before the war: 'One is struck first of all by the relatively large number of Belgians among the emigrants. The Poles and people from Southeastern Europe pass through in parties of several hundred, looking like ragged, emaciated diseased paupers, but nevertheless apparently able to pay the high steamship passages now demanded.

MEXICO AND THE REPUBLICAN VICTORY

FOREIGN press comment on the United States continues to crystallize about the results of the last presidential election. *Preussische Zeitung*, the Junker organ of North German Conservatives, reviews in an article of a column and a half the opinion of Latin-American and Japanese newspapers, selecting quotations indicating that our most important American and trans-Pacific neighbors regard the result as a triumph for aggressive imperialism, adding, 'So it is no wonder that the newspapers of Mexico, Chile, and the Argentine should exhibit concern over the jingoistic influences which have attained control with the Republican victory.' After quoting numerous statements to this effect from Japanese papers, *Preussische Zeitung* continues:

> The Mexican government recently sent an ambassador extraordinary to visit several European capitals, with an object which will be readily understood. After four months on the continent, this gentleman has now returned. He is no professional diplomat, but a journalist, Felix Palavicini, editor and proprietor of *El Universal*. He has accomplished several important things; for example, he has arranged for a direct steamship line between Italy and Mexico. Although he was very reticent over the principal object of his trip, he observed in an interview at Venice that some people were casting covetous eyes on Mexico, adding: 'Mexico needs no loan, for its budget shows a surplus. It is the only country in the world where there is no paper money in circulation, where business is done solely on a gold and silver basis.'

A NEW QUESTION IN INTERNATIONAL LAW

As illustrating some of the difficulties likely to attend the resumption of trade with Russia, the London correspondent of *Le Temps* informs his paper that a certain Martin Luther, director of a sawmill corporation organized in Russia in 1898, has sued an American firm in England, to prevent delivery to it of 109 tons of manufactured timber which the Soviet government sold it last August for 4600 pounds sterling. The plaintiff alleged that this wood was confiscated by the Bolsheviki at the time his sawmill near Novgorod was nationalized, and is his own property. Since the Soviet government has not been recognized by Great Britain, he alleged the confiscation must be held illegal in a British court. In his complaint, since decided in favor of his contention, he added the picturesque detail that when the Bolshevist agents first presented themselves at his mill in January 1919, they were driven away by the employees.

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ALSATIAN MATTERS

A TYPICAL illustration of the embarrassments which the change of government has occasioned in Alsace is the difficulty which has arisen there with regard to school attendance. The old German government required religious instruction in the public schools. The French government provides no religious instruction in schools supported by the state. As soon as the French law was extended to the public schools of Alsace most parents withdrew their children and insisted on sending them to private parochial schools. The new government apparently has not prohibited religious instruction in its restored provinces, but the French teachers who have come to replace the former German teachers are not prepared to give religious instruction to their pupils. As a correspondent to *Figaro* says, they address their students with a sarcastic smile when the religious period comes, saying, 'Now I am going to teach you your religion.'

EX-PRESIDENT POINCARÉ, writing in *Le Temps*, complains that many Germans, formerly imperial officials in Alsace-Lorraine or officers and non-commissioned officers of the German army, who have married women of those provinces, have taken advantage of a provision in the Peace Treaty to become French citizens; and that they are employing the status which this privilege gives them to intrigue secretly against French interests there. On the whole, however, the former President seems well satisfied with the impressions he received during his recent visit to the recovered provinces.

A NEW symptom of the clash of interests between town and country in Europe is the recent formation in Alsace of a *Burebund*, or peasants' union, with branches through the province. The president, a Mr. Haeffele, addressing a recent conference of this society at Strassburg, said:

> The peasant of to-day is not the same man as before the war. He no longer receives the consideration to which he is entitled. Although he is aware of his importance he cannot make his influence felt because we farmers are not organized. We have been on the verge of revolution. We see indignation and hatred accumulate against us while we remain helpless victims of war profiteers. The working people are being incited against us as 'country usurers.' Let us be on our guard. Let us organize. Let us rally to our own defense. The future of the country depends on us; but we must cultivate a firm will. France has been cruelly wounded but its constitution is sound. Its wounds will heal. We peasants are the phagocytes who will eat up the bacteria undermining the health of the nation.

SOUTH AFRICA AND SECESSION

FORCED by the unstable parliamentary majority in South Africa, General Smuts has called an election to be held in February when the people will vote on the straight issue for or against secession from the British Empire. Upon this issue there is likely to be considerable fusion between the British and the Boers, because the younger generation of Dutch descent is drifting into the Labor Party in the mining district, while others of that race are inclined to line themselves with the English against complete separation, for commercial as well as political reasons. However, the sentiment in favor of complete independence is doubtless strong, and it may derive unexpected support from Radical non-Boer elements opposed to the employment of colored labor and to other policies which they fancy are encouraged by the imperial connection.

RADICALISM IN ASIA

LAST September, the Bolshevist government convened a congress of Eastern nations at Baku, accounts of which appeared in recent papers from

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Russia. Its principal object was to arouse the hatred of the Asiatics against the Entente, which seems to have been accomplished with great facility. Zinovieff, the propagandist emissary, who recently carried the congress of the Independent Socialists of Germany into the Third International — at the cost of a scission in that party — declared that 'the moment has come to inaugurate a true; holy war against European imperialists. . . . We proclaim this war first of all against England and we shall continue until we have won a complete victory over our enemies.' According to *Isvestia*, September 19, this speech produced a tremendous impression upon the 1200 Asiatic delegates.

Whenever Zinovieff mentioned the Entente, the audience arose from its seats, and every time he pronounced the names of Lloyd George and Millerand, violent shouts of rage echoed from every side. The mere mention of either of those names evoked uncontrollable exhibitions of hatred. Hundreds of poniards and sabers were brandished in the air.

Among those in attendance was Enver Pasha, who was Turkish Minister of War when that country was fighting side by side with Germany.

A TOKYO daily, *Nichi Nichi*, reports that Japanese Socialists contemplate organizing a Pan-Asiatic Socialist League. The third meeting for the promotion of this project was held secretly at the Imperial Academy in that city recently, and was attended by seventeen Japanese and eleven Korean and Chinese delegates. The headquarters will probably be established in Siberia or China where police supervision is less severe than in Japan.

MINOR NOTES

JAPAN'S new army bill provides for a reduction in the period of military service, for the artillery, engineers, and quartermasters, and probably for the cavalry. However, this is to be accompanied by an increase of about forty per cent in the number of recruits who will be called to the colors for this shorter period.

DURING the first seven months of 1920, some 310,000 Italian workingmen emigrated, of whom 123,000 came to North and South America.

An agreement has been reached between the Italian Emigration Department and the Brazilian government regulating the condition of emigration to the latter country.

ACCORDING to the *Svensk Handelstidning*, the recent American loan of $5,000,000 to Norway was really the outcome of an agreement between the Hamburg firm of Warburg & Company and the New York bankers, Kuhn & Loeb. It is regarded as a significant sign of the times that a German firm should be responsible for an American loan to a neutral country. The conditions, subject to which this money was borrowed, are not regarded as very favorable to Norway, and no marked effect on the rate of exchange between the two countries has followed.

THE London *Statist* reports that eighteen creameries have been destroyed in Ireland by soldiers and members of the royal constabulary during the past five months. The aggregate property loss is estimated at about one hundred and ninety thousand dollars. Sir Horace Plunkett is pressing the government for an authoritive assurance that the compensation will be provided from the imperial treasury for these losses.

WHILE business conditions in Japan continue to be depressed, the country's

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exports for the first eight months of last year were quite as large as during the same period in 1919. Recently, exports of cotton fabrics and yarn have increased.

PRUSSIA'S new state constitution has just been ratified by the large majority of 260 to 60. The new state will be known as 'the Republic of Prussia,' but it will have no president or executive chosen by popular vote. The State Legislature will consist of one house which will elect a prime minister who will name the remainder of the cabinet. Only the extreme Junkers, the ultra-Radical Independent Socialists, and the Hanoverian Conservatives — who wanted their kingdom made a separate state — voted against the constitution.

ACCORDING to the Warsaw correspondent of the *Journal de Genève*, the recent visit of Taki Jonesco to that city was accompanied by many manifestations of his popularity with the Poles. His purpose was to secure the adhesion of Poland to the Little Entente. The reply he received was: 'Possibly later, but just at present, an Entente of Poland, Hungary, and Roumania.' Since Roumania could not consider an alliance including Hungary, and Poland could not consider an alliance including Czecho-Slovakia, Jonesco's efforts were doomed to failure from the outset.

LE TEMPS quotes Lenin as follows: 'We must systematically and persistently reëducate the masses so as to fill them with the conviction that their personal well-being depends solely upon their discipline and industry.' For months, the Bolsheviki proclaimed: 'The railways should be run by the railway men.' Now they are writing: 'Which is the better — to keep our principles and have no transportation, or to have transportation and give up our principles?' All this is apropos of two new books of Russia: one of Max Hoschiller, *Le Mirage Sovietiste*, and the other by Ludovic Naudeau, *Les Dessous de Chaos Russe*.

THE Federation of British Industries, representing some 22,000 manufacturers and $25,000,000,000 of capital, at a special conference held in Manchester the first of December unanimously made the following demands upon the government:

(1) To withdraw immediately excess profits duty and the corporation tax as special direct taxation fundamentally unsound under existing conditions and dangerous to industrial stability.
(2) To effect drastic retrenchment in Government Departments.
(3) To postpone all policies entailing large national and principal expenditure.

SINCE the settlement of the recent coal strike in Great Britain upon a basis which makes an addition to wages conditional upon a larger output, production has steadily increased. It rose from 4,775,600 tons during the week ending November 30 to 5,210,700 tons during the following week, which is by far the best record for the whole of the past year. Were it to be maintained, miners' wages would be increased by 3*s*. 6*d*. per shift instead of by 2*s*. per shift, over which the dispute arose.

ALTHOUGH the Assembly of the League of Nations did not adopt the so-called Scandinavian amendments, its refusal to do so at the present session, according to the *Journal de Genève*, 'is not to be interpreted in any way as burying the amendments. . . . It would be truer to say that the debate Tuesday morning strengthened and confirmed the aspirations, inspired by the highest humanitarian motives,

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which have been voiced by the Northern Powers.'

BULGARIA had a bountiful harvest last year and will be able to export 309,000 tons of wheat, 62,000 tons of rye, 57,000 tons of barley, 508,000 tons of maize, besides other grains, making a total cereal export of more than 1,000,000 tons.

ROUMANIA proposes to monopolize the petroleum industry by placing it in the hands of a company subject to government supervision. The stock in this new national trust will be so allotted that producers will hold 50 per cent, the government 30 per cent, and consumers 20 per cent of the shares.

[*Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Liberal Nationalist Daily), *November 27, 1920*]

TOLSTOY AND REVOLUTION

BY R. GUSSEFF

[The following is from a collection of memoirs and letters relating to Tolstoy, edited by Dimitri Umanski, which is about to be published in Vienna under the title, *Der letzte Christ*, on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the author's death.]

IN the summer of 1908 a proclamation was issued by the Social-Revolutionary Party in Tula. Tolstoy read it, and desired to talk with its authors in order to convince them of their errors; so he invited four of the revolutionary leaders to visit him, and had a long conversation with them. I sat in the next room, with the door open into Tolstoy's study, and heard every word of the interview, which I took down as accurately as possible.

Tolstoy: Hearing that a proclamation had been issued by the Social-Revolutionary Party, I read it through; and must confess that I am shocked at its low moral tone. Surely you are familiar with this proclamation? I am appalled at its lack of understanding of the issue discussed; at the immorality which I discover, and particularly at the dangers into which good men fall, even when they are ready to risk their own lives to serve their fellow men. The thing has utterly upset me. I feel it my duty to inform the people who drafted this proclamation and approved its ideas what I think of it. In order to show the reasons why I believe the ideas in the proclamation are unworthy and wicked, I will make a brief explanation. First of all, let me call attention to this sentence in the proclamation itself: 'Inspire hatred in the hearts of men. That is a holy duty.'

Is n't that outrageous! Love of one's fellow men has ever since the creation of the world been regarded as the primary, distinctive human instinct, by the Hindus, by the Chinese, I do not need to say by Christians; and now suddenly people are to be taught that the very antithesis of love — hatred — is to be cultivated as a holy duty. This proves to me that men who write such

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things are in the very lowest depths of moral error. No, I will take back that statement. They are not in the very lowest moral depths, but in a condition of horrifying benightedness and blindness.

My second point is the following: the objects for which these men strive and are ready to sacrifice themselves in the name of brotherly service not only cannot be secured by such means, but are thereby made more difficult of attainment by any other means. Violence and force, from which we all suffer, are not inflicted upon us by a few individuals. A single group of men, even though it were thousands strong, would be unable to compel one hundred and fifty million men to live as it wished. Violence and force are possible only because error sways the minds of a great majority of the one hundred and fifty million, some of whom are ruled by fear and others by ignorance. Consequently, you cannot rescue them by violence, by an appeal to hatred, but only by awakening the forces which you revolutionists repudiate — the forces of moral conscience, which prevent men from doing what is wrong, and from sharing in acts which harm their brother men. Therefore, my second point is that the measures which the men whose views are contained in this proclamation propose only carry us farther away from the very object which they seek.

My third point is my profound pity for young men like yourself, who risk your lives for unworthy things. To be imprisoned under the frightful conditions in our Russian prisons, to be separated from your families who will suffer want and hardship, to be tortured by your own regrets in the solitude of your confinement — what return do you get for that? Merely the satisfaction of issuing this stupid, misguided proclamation. How are you going to carry out a single point in the programme you here propose? Not one of you can answer me, not even the professors who share your views. I have said all I have to say. My three points are: first, that your revolutionary plans are immoral; second, that you are choosing the wrong road to attain your ends (I recognize your ultimate purpose is good — my life is devoted to attaining that same ideal); third, the pity I feel for the good men who misapply their strength and energy for such an unjust and worthless object. Now what is your answer to these three points?

After a short silence, one of the revolutionists spoke: 'The men who drafted this proclamation think this; they see there is no choice, either we must die of hunger before we have done anything, or we must rise and shake off the hated yoke.'

Tolstoy: No, that is only exaggeration. No one dies of hunger.

Revolutionist: Indeed, a great many working people do.

Tolstoy: No, I never saw any one who had died of starvation. But suppose we assume that you do not die of starvation, but merely suffer great privation and hardship. Why do you do something that merely increases those privations and hardships in order to liberate yourself from them? People must be sensible and not do what is irrational. There is only one sensible thing to do: to refuse to take part in the existing unjust social system.

Revolutionist: How can we do that? How can we persuade people to take no part in the arbitrary acts which are committed?

Tolstoy: I shall take the liberty to digress a little. In addition to the superstition that all the professors write is true, there is another — that some men have the right to regulate the lives of other men. Stolypin at one

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extreme, and you revolutionists at the other, both have fallen equally into this common error. Your words admit it. Why do you want to govern the life of others? Your authority does not extend beyond your own person. It is over yourself, just as I have authority over myself. Your personality and character, like mine, are still very imperfect; but I know that the more I labor to perfect my own personality and character, the greater influence I win over others.

Revolutionist: I raise the question, how you propose to prevent people from participating in the acts of violence and injustice which are occurring?

Tolstoy: But who has authorized you to tell people what they should do?

Revolutionist: We do not mean that we have been called to teach the people. Our mission is merely to unite all who think and feel as we do into a single body. Therefore, it seems to me that we cannot be charged with the belief that we are personally, as individuals, called upon to liberate the nation. We who think the same way and suffer from the same oppression unite to accomplish the same end.

Tolstoy: That end is ultimately to better the life of all your fellow men. That is a purpose for which we all strive, I and all the rest. The only way to attain your end is to refuse to participate in the injustice and violence of the government which has ruined your life — to keep out of it entirely.

Revolutionist: But we do not take any part in the government and its works.

Tolstoy: May I ask your occupation?

Revolutionist: Just now I have no employment.

Tolstoy: And before?

Revolutionist: I used to work in an office.

Tolstoy: So you see, if you examine the business in which you are engaged carefully, you will at once discover that you share more or less in the evil acts of the present system. In order to share as little as possible in the evils begotten of the existing social organization, man must sever so far as possible all his relations with that organization.

Revolutionist: I see what you mean. Whatever I do, I share in the exploitation of the workers. However, I cannot go without employment, for I have a family. I am married. I cannot refuse to work.

Tolstoy: Consequently, the question of your family is more important to you than the question we have been discussing. That is not bad. That is only just. For you, the welfare of your family is first and foremost, while for others, their personal welfare and liberty are most important. For Christ told those who would follow him that they must leave their father and their mother and all that they possessed. A true follower of Christ has an ideal for the sake of which he is really ready to sacrifice all. Men of your opinion are ready to employ force against force and violence against violence, but you are not ready to give up your families. Here lies the root of your error. You are not ready to sacrifice some purely personal interest to the command of your conscience. If I were prevented by conscientious scruples from earning my living in the normal way, I would beg.

Revolutionist: No! Even if I were starving, I would not beg.

Tolstoy: Why? In what respect is a beggar in his rags inferior to a rich man magnificently clad?

Revolutionist: Because men should struggle.

Tolstoy: Men must love and they must live. The animal in us bids us

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struggle, but spiritual man rises above this brutal impulse.

A second revolutionist interrupted with the remark that every man had two natures: a physical nature and a spiritual nature.

Tolstoy: That is perfectly true, and the purpose of man's life is to subjugate the animal nature to the spiritual nature. That is my firm belief. Perfecting our spiritual being and subduing our animal being is what gives purpose to human life.

Revolutionist: It does not seem possible to me that we can so strengthen and discipline the spirit as completely to dispense with the physical being. For instance, we cannot overcome the need of eating.

Tolstoy: Still it is possible, though all the wise men of the world deny it. Quite the contrary to what you say, all right living consists in mastering the physical needs and senses. We are constantly fighting temptations of every kind. Who has not experienced them? Resisting temptation is the essence of human life. It is characteristic of the animal nature to satisfy every impulse. It is characteristic of human nature to repress our impulses at the dictate of conscience and reason. However, we have got too far away from our subject. What I want to make emphatic is that men must use the weapon which has been given them to use — mastery over themselves. This is particularly necessary in seeking the objects for which you are striving. When you are rulers over yourselves, you will then be able to rule others.

Revolutionist: Lev Nikolaevich, we do not overlook the importance of perfecting our own character. We try to be honest and honorable. . . .

Tolstoy: I say that this is *the only way* to influence others; but that proclaiming hate and representing hatred as a holy thing repels men.

Revolutionist: If you consider the hatred mentioned in this proclamation, you will see that it is not hatred of men, but hatred of private property.

One of the revolutionists had a copy of the proclamation with him. It was handed to Tolstoy, and he read the following sentence from it:

> Hatred of the landowner, of all who have taken possession of the land by force, must become a holy passion, which every father ought to instill in the hearts of his children.

The second revolutionist replied to this: 'We are speaking of the landowners. Truly, these usurpers of the soil deserve nothing but hatred.

Tolstoy (after a pause, during which he was visibly restraining himself): If these men had not deluded themselves, if they had looked for only a moment into their own hearts, they would have seen that such a statement is a denial of morality. Hatred is the most bestial and the lowest sentiment which exists. Whenever a man is conscious of moral elevation, he inevitably finds associated with it a consciousness of love — love of God, of his neighbor, of all his fellow men without exception; for every man is my brother. If I have the right to say that men should hate landlords, landlords have the same right to say men should hate revolutionists. If it is right for Ivan to hate Peter, Ivan must admit that it is right for Peter to hate Ivan. That is merely preaching the grossest, lowest immorality. That is the creed of men who have no conception whatever of morality.

Revolutionist: Lev Nikolaevich! These men understand by morality just what you do. They do not call evil good. But existing conditions in this country place us under duress. Perhaps this is due to the imperfection of men and especially of revolutionists.

Tolstoy: If a revolutionist is imperfect, he should strive toward perfection.

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Revolutionist: But if he is unable to endure the injustice and oppression under which he suffers, and for this reason resists that injustice and oppression and tries to force others to cease injuring him — is that a proper action or the opposite? Is it immoral, then, to bring pressure upon a man to convince him that he must cease his injustice?

Tolstoy: Why do you confuse the question? It is right and proper to persuade and teach men in a kindly spirit; but is it possible to conceive conditions which entitle men to dispense with the human virtues — with reason and love? No! Nothing can justify that.

Revolutionist: Indeed, there are innumerable such conditions among the working people and the peasants.

Tolstoy: You think that such conditions are common. But I reply that such conditions cannot exist among men who are capable of moral sentiment. A horse may kick; a dog may bite; but man is a reasoning animal. However, you do not understand this. It is foreign to your way of thinking. You discuss these truths like a man talking of something he has heard about from others. But they are not part of your own convictions. None the less, moral laws are as immutable as the laws of mathematics. Would you think of believing that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points and then, later, having an afterthought that perhaps a crooked line might be shorter? Any act which violates the law of love is a violation of every law of morality.

Revolutionist: You consider this proclamation immoral. Some of my comrades have read your book: *Upon the Meaning of the Russian Revolution.* We agree with your view that it would be possible to pursue a different policy; but would it bring results? You say to us: 'Refuse to perform military service, refuse to pay taxes!' Were we to do that, we should be beaten and thrown into prison. We should be destroyed.

Tolstoy: Surely it is a mere superstition to fancy that we know beforehand the outcome of our acts. You do not know what would happen. You do not know even whether you will leave this room alive, or be struck down here by death. I am honestly convinced that if a majority of mankind were really followers of Christ's teachings, evil would no longer exist. You think that conditions would be worse than they are now. Meantime, the policy you preach leads to nothing. It merely makes matters worse. The same measures were used in the French Revolution. However, Napolean came in spite of them. I would be convinced for this reason alone, that we must take a different course. I used to doctor myself with quinine until my physician told me: 'Leave it alone! Just live a healthy life.' It would be a healthy life for you, if you would reject all these measures which history teaches us have caused only evil in the past and should be abhorred.

Revolutionist: Would there be any sense in striving after the good, if we could not foresee the results of our actions? Is it better to live as we live now, under the conditions which have hitherto prevailed, letting each day take care of itself? If we take no thought for the morrow then there is no purpose in life and there is no progress.

Tolstoy: I consider that a very wise remark. It pleases me greatly to hear you make it. When another man performs an act, its consequences are indifferent to me, for the important thing is what I do myself. If I perform good deeds, it is all the same to me whether I die or not, for my act itself was good. Take the example of Christ,

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who fulfilled his mission. He was crucified and it might seem as though his life amounted to nothing. However, the result was that I and millions of men are trying to live as followers of his teachings. At the same time, it is very doubtful whether he succeeded in converting Pontius Pilate. Good acts are those over the consequences of which no man need worry. Such acts produce an immediate satisfaction. They are their own reward. We do not know what their fruit will be. For example, a beggar asks alms of you. You give him a portion of your hard-earned wealth. You have done a good deed. It is possible that he will get drunk with the fifty kopecks. That does not matter to you. You have the personal satisfaction of having done your duty. Every act of sacrifice is such a good deed; you need not trouble about its results. When we act in response to worldly interests, thinking only of the results of our acts, those results are not under our control. We try to accomplish one thing and the outcome is something quite different. In this matter, we are discussing particularly now — of a revolution — history shows us that the opposite always happens.

I beg you to heed the sincerity of my words. I seek nothing but what is good. The feeling that inspired me after reading this proclamation was a desire to help my fellow men. I know, to be sure, that I shall not succeed in my present effort. Yet I must beg you to think over privately whether your present actions are not likely to ruin everything, and expose yourselves to the risk of suffering in a vain cause. More serious still, by such a policy you rob yourself of the real blessing of knowing that you are obeying the dictates of your own conscience, and are acting in harmony with the laws of your spiritual nature.

Revolutionist: The history of mankind unrolls itself before our eyes. We see that in early days slavery was universal and absolute government existed everywhere. Now we see nations adopting more liberal systems of government, lands where the people are relatively better off.

Tolstoy: Pardon me! Yesterday, I received a letter from a Russian laborer in America. In that famous America, there is the same proletariat as in Russia. Life is perhaps even harder there; the unemployed are numerous. So conditions are everywhere the same.

Revolutionist: Possibly; but in spite of that, life is somewhat freer there. For example, here in Russia, the workingman is absolutely helpless, while there, he has some small rights. A slight improvement has occurred there.

Tolstoy: That cannot be proved. 'The castanets sound sweeter beyond the mountains.' But even if the people are really better off in America, that is not the result of a revolution, but of their own spiritual and moral progress.

Revolutionist: We see, however, that nearly every country has to have its revolution, and that conditions of life are better afterward.

Tolstoy: I do not agree that the conditions of life are better. For example, the most important question, the land problem, has not been settled anywhere. No one has the courage to face the question whether the soil should be private property. Our conventional historians teach that the world is becoming better. I personally am not convinced. Even if we admit that it is somewhat better, that is only a strong argument against committing evil. This is something to be judged by moral and not by mere physical canons.

Revolutionist: It is doubtful whether we can get any improvement at all by your policy of passive goodness. History does not show it.

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Tolstoy: Quite the contrary. The course of history teaches us one thing; that humanity exists merely because of moral progress. For example, the land problem approaches solution through the moral development of man. Gradually people come to comprehend that no one is entitled to say: 'This piece of soil belongs to me personally.' That is something you can arrive at only through the moral progress of man and not through acts of revolution. Let us take, for example, the abolition of slavery. Was that brought about by revolution? Even in Russia, the abolition of serfdom was agitated by an appeal to moral justice.

Revolutionist: You forget how many peasant revolts preceded that. Alexander II said in a meeting of the nobles: 'It is better for us to liberate the people from above, before they liberate themselves from below.' This reform did not benefit the people any; because a new kind of serfdom took the place of the old one. The peasants received no land. At the most, in the old days, they worked for a master who had the right to banish them and whip them, but who, on the other hand, fed them in times of famine because that was for his personal interest. The peasants worked for him alone. Now the landlord does not trouble about them. So this reform, which was granted only as a result of compulsion, amounts to nothing.

Tolstoy: If we are debating the question whether revolution or peaceful evolution does most for human progress, and I take one side in accordance with my view of history, and you another side in accordance with your view of history, we know beforehand that our arguments will exactly balance each other. But I have on my side something more than a historical demonstration — the fact that people who act in accordance with my views receive an immediate moral satisfaction. They are conscious of acting in accordance with the eternal laws of reason and love, which all the wise men of the world have proclaimed and which I feel in my own heart. In my scale of the balance there will be, in your opinion, only a little fragment; but in my opinion an enormous mountain. We can match our arguments against each other; perhaps yours will be more plausible and perhaps mine. . .

Revolutionist: When I was still a boy, I read your stories, 'The Candle,' 'Two Old Men,' 'God Sees the Truth.' What practical effect did these appeals to virtue have upon the general welfare? Things are the same as ever. Men are just what they always have been.

Tolstoy: If we had killed the Tsar and Stolypin, we should have seen two men struggling in their death agony. What we accomplish by spiritual influence is invisible. You cannot weigh spiritual things; you must experience them. I repeat, a man should not shape his conduct in response to external forces. Every man has his own inner guide. External forces should sway us only in the smaller things of life, in worldly things. In all important questions our conscience is our only pilot. I have seen these two kinds of conduct compared with traveling down a river, where we steer by the banks on either hand, and traveling in the open ocean, where we have but one guide, the compass. This guide, our private conscience, tells me that murder is horrible and revolting, but that sacrifice is a blessing.

The three revolutionists asked Tolstoy to formulate again his three objections.

Tolstoy: First, I think that the kind of action you regard as good is immoral, for it violates the highest law of human conduct, love for all our fellow

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men without exception; second, I believe that your method — violence — will not accomplish your object, but will merely make it more difficult of accomplishment; and third — and most important of all — the thing that impelled me to invite you here is my sympathy and pity for you in your blindness, although you are doubtless inspired by good motives. And for what purpose? If you were to sacrifice yourself in the fulfillment of a moral law, like my friends who have been imprisoned because they refused to perform military service, I should envy you; but why in the present instance are you staking your lives? For what purpose? For a mistaken cause!

Revolutionist: Yes, the Dukhobors refused to perform military service, and were forced to emigrate to Canada.

Tolstoy: You have settled everything. You think you know that the Dukhobors had no influence, that they accomplished nothing, that they might have done a good deal more some other way. You are the only ones with vision, who see what is going to happen and what would have been better. This self-confidence is due to your fixed ideas, which blind you and make you imagine that everything would happen in just one kind of way. However, a man who is not captivated by these — I beg pardon — errors of yours, will put a question mark after every one of your positive assertions. You would have to prove them to him.

The Revolutionists asked Tolstoy to give them time to think over the conversation at home and send him their reply. Tolstoy readily consented, adding: 'I shall be very happy if our talk has not been in vain.'

[*Frankfurter Zeitung* (Radical Liberal Daily), *October 31, 1920*]

THE ITALIAN PEOPLE'S PARTY

[At the last general elections the clerical 'People's Party' suddenly appeared in Parliament with the second strongest delegation in that body, exceeded only by the Socialists. More recent communal and municipal elections indicate a recovery of the old Liberal Party, which — at least in large cities — seems to have pushed back the People's Party to third place.]

THE Vatican's reversal of attitude toward the participation of Catholics in Italian elections is a unique incident in the history of Church policy. Shortly after the Italian government occupied Rome, in 1870, the Vatican issued the *Non expedit*, to prevent Catholics from participating in the secular government, even to the extent of voting. Then, during the last year of the recent war, a powerful Catholic party was organized bearing the name 'Italian People's Party,' recognizing without reserve the legality and authority of the existing government, and the Roman Curia neither approved nor disapproved that act. Much misinformation is current regarding the *Non expedit*. It was originally a decision issued in a matter of private conscience without the exact circumstances being publicly known. It was not an absolute prohibition, as the two introductory words indicate. To be sure, Pope

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Pious IX and Pope Leo XIII endeavored to make the *Non expedit* (it is not proper) a *Non licet* (it is not permitted), and on July 30, 1886, the Sacred Office handed down a decision to the effect that the *Non expedit* constituted, under existing conditions, an explicit prohibition. However, that decision was at once qualified by the sentence: that it depended upon the individual conscience of each believer whether a transgression of this prohibition were to be regarded as a sin; and that it depended upon circumstances and the private opinion of the voter whether such a transgression ought to involve an ecclesiastical penalty. The last definite statement of the Vatican to the effect that this amounted to a positive prohibition, was contained in a letter of Pope Leo XIII to Cardinal Parocchi, on May 15, 1895.

However, a new political era was already dawning. Previously, the only opponents of the *Non expedit* were a little group of conservatives, who desired to use the Catholic vote to support political reaction and to check the growing movement toward democracy. These were gentlemen who regarded it their political mission 'to defend the throne and altar.' In their opinion, the Church should make itself an instrument in the hands of the ruling classes to keep the lower classes, by spiritual means, submissive and dependent.

However, during the 'nineties, a group of Catholics was formed which strove to identify the Church with political and social reforms along democratic lines, and to make the Church a champion of the oppressed classes. This new movement was regarded as an incredible novelty. The Church was associated in the public mind with reaction in its extremest form, and was supposed officially to abhor even the slightest tendency toward liberalism. However, by the end of the century the new movement had gained strength and spread throughout Italy. The Reforming Party among the Catholics had more than three hundred local societies and had organized a vigorous campaign to secure the approval of the Vatican. Naturally, the reactionaries rallied to defend their position. A flood of protests poured into the Vatican, especially from Venetia, a stronghold of Catholic conservatism. The Roman Curia observed a waiting policy, contenting itself for the time being in trying to divert the new movement from its exclusively political channel. However, the pressure of the reactionaries became too strong. On February 3, 1902, the statutes of the United Catholic Societies were revised, so as to compel the Christian Democrats to become members of the Union and to submit to the supervision of authorities appointed by the Curia. The Christian Democrats at first refused obedience, but were finally persuaded to submit. It was supposed that this would terminate the propaganda of the young Christian democracy. However, at the congress of the United Societies held at Bologna in November, 1903, they won a great victory. This seemed to the new Pope, the conservative Pius X, very dangerous. Consequently, he dissolved the Union the following March. The Christian democrats at once formed a new organization, called the Democratic National League, cautiously refraining from any explicit reference to religion or Christianity in their title or statutes and thus avoiding the possible interference of the Vatican. But that did not help them. The Pope issued an encyclical forbidding priests to join the League or to assist it, and the last of these resigned at the May congress of 1906. The lay members then took the conservative step of substituting the word 'Christian' for 'National' in the name of their so-

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ciety. That was the virtual end of the movement.

Meantime, however, a change had occurred in the domestic political situation, which made it seem important to the Curia to rally the rank and file of the Catholics to the defense of the existing order. Socialism was spreading rapidly and the first great general strike in 1904 had roused the spirit of the masses. Giolitti's cabinet took alarm and made certain concessions to secure the aid of the conservative Catholics. Then followed the famous encyclical of June 11, 1905, which, while maintaining the general validity of the *Non expedit* prohibition, permitted the bishops in certain cases to make exceptions where it was necessary 'in the interest of the souls of the faithful and of the Church.' Pious X saw that the Catholics could not afford to remain longer in the political background, because in that case, the great social movement of the period would overwhelm them. Immediately thereafter, the Catholic voters organized a Catholic Electoral Union, under a constitution making them absolutely dependent on the Vatican. It was intended, thus, to give the Vatican control of the Catholic vote; and the latter appointed the president of the organization. This change was followed by the appearance of the first Catholic deputies in the Italian Parliament. As soon as the *Non expedit* was thus broken through — for it could not be repealed under the traditions of the Catholic Church, and did not need to be on account of its elastic phraseology — the Curia was able to exert a powerful influence upon Italian policy. This Catholic Electoral Union prepared a platform of seven planks, which has developed into the present platform of the People's Party. In the election of 1913, all bourgeois candidates had to endorse this platform in order to receive the support of Catholic voters. Some two hundred and fifty of the latter, or approximately half the members of Parliament, owe their success to the Union's approval. As soon as the rank and file of Catholics were liberated from the conditions of the *Non expedit*, they hastened to perfect and extend their organization. Their efforts in this direction were further stimulated by the tremendous strain placed upon the country by the war, and by the new problems which now face it. Shortly after the armistice, the Italian People's Party was founded, the first truly clerical party to participate in a government which had deprived the church of its last temporal dominion. The party platform is silent as to the Vatican's recovering temporal power. All it asks in behalf of the head of the Catholic Church is 'freedom and independence in the full exercise of its spiritual mission.' The party leaders refuse to define their position on the former question. They merely say that it is not their business, but that of the Church, to decide what conditions are necessary for the free exercise of its functions. Since, however, the party platform emphasizes loyalty to the government and the party's name embraces the word 'Italian,' it is not probable that the People's Party will ever shout: 'Long live the Pope and King.'

Family, school, and trade union are specified as the triple basis upon which the political activity of Italian Catholicism is based. In respect to the family, the People's Party demands that civil marriage shall not take precedence of church marriage, and that divorce shall not be permitted. In its school programme, it calls for 'freedom of teaching,' which means something quite different from what is understood by that phrase in many other countries. Italian public schools are strictly lay institutions which give

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no religious instruction. Freedom of teaching means for Italian Catholics permission for the religious orders to establish schools which shall rank equal with the public schools. Eventually they hope to compel the government to transfer to the religious orders the whole public school system and the appropriations for its support. Mr. Giolitti has gone a step in that direction by ordering that candidates educated in private religious schools shall have equal rights with candidates educated in public institutions in future civil service examinations. The third reform advocated by the party is the representation of trade unions in all public bodies, with proper regard for the rights of the 'white' or Catholic unions. The platform further advocates a thorough-going decentralization of the government's administrative machinery. That demand is a very sensible one in view of the gigantic bureaucracy which has grown up at Rome and made the civil service the principal industry of the city. However, the Catholics have a half-concealed ulterior purpose in making this demand. They think they will find it easier to get control of local administrative bodies than it will be to get control of a great centralized civil service. So far as its social and fiscal programmes are concerned, the party is thoroughly democratic. It advocates the encouragement of small holdings, thereby coming into conflict with the Socialists, who believe in reorganizing agriculture on coöperative or communist lines. Italian Catholics also advocate reforming the revenue laws so as to graduate taxes according to incomes and exempt the poorest tax payers, extending social insurance, converting the senate into an entirely elective body, and giving votes to women.

In the elections last year, the People's Party won more seats than its most optimistic supporters anticipated. It is represented in Parliament now by one hundred *deputati cattolici* who are to be distinguished from the *cattolici deputati*, who represent the conservative Catholic Party. How are we to explain the extraordinary success of this infant political organization? It is the only bourgeois party which has a definite policy founded upon a clearly thought-out theory of society and the functions of government. To be sure, the party does not yet have a complete organization of its own; but employs in its campaign all kinds of ecclesiastical societies. Among these are the old People's Union, the Economic and Social Union, the Catholic Woman's Union, and the Italian Young Men's Association. In northern Italy, the rural coöperative societies act as party centres. But above all, both the higher and the lower clergy are active party workers. It is through them that the Vatican exercises its influence upon political life, although the party designedly refrains from indicating its religious or sectarian character in its name or constitution.

People should not be misled by an occasional apparent set-to between the party and the Vatican. Last May, when its parliamentary delegation overthrew the Nitti cabinet by withdrawing its support, the Vatican organ, *Osservatore*, censured this action as likely to lead to the appointment of a Socialist cabinet. Thereupon, the official papers of the party replied that it was an independent political organization and received instructions from no one. Soon afterward, Giolitti's cabinet was formed and two party leaders accepted portfolios in it, in return for certain significant concessions. So this incident was closed. However, the party is really managed by the Catholic City Union, whose president is ap-

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pointed directly by the Pope, and it is not likely to become engaged in a serious controversy with the Holy See.

Naturally, a powerful and young party like this will have its inner conflicts. It combines the most diverse elements, Christian Democrats, Moderates, and old-time Conservatives. It has its right wing, its left wing, and its centre. Men from the latter group are represented in the present cabinet. The right wing secretly hopes for a restoration of the Pope's temporal power, although it conceals that fact for the present. The left wing is led by that shrewd and zealous agitator, Miglioli. Its members opposed the war practically to the last. They would take the wind out of the sails of the Socialists by radical reforms. They demand 'proletarianizing landed property,' which is merely another name for the same policy which the Socialists endorse. However, up to the present, the party has been held together by its spirit of mutual tolerance and compromise. At its recent convention, the moderate radicals had the upper hand. The Catholic trade unions participated in the late seizure of Italy's metal working establishments, although they were not prime movers in that action. The party does not advocate socializing industries, but proposes to give the workers a share in their management by enabling them to purchase stock and by providing managing committees in which owners, employees, and officials shall be represented.

[*Freiheit* (Berlin Independent Socialist Daily), *November 16, 1920*]

WAR–TIME LETTERS

BY HUGO HAASE

[The late Hugo Haase, it will be recalled, led the little group of Socialists in the Reichstag who seceded from the main party, because they condemned Germany's policy in the war, and who voted against subsequent war credits. The following extracts from his letters are, therefore, of historical interest as a record of minority sentiment in Germany during the period of hostilities.]

BERLIN, *December* 14, 1916.

. . . YOU doubtless have already formed a correct opinion of Germany's peace overture. There is nothing in it to inspire hope. M—— has suddenly ascended to a seventh Heaven of optimism, and cannot understand why I am so skeptical — especially since the tender confirms my prophecy that some measure in favor of peace would have to be taken this year. However, the situation has changed from what I expected when I made that prediction. Even though the Allies have failed in their summer offensive, in spite of striking local successes, their immense display of strength, their superiority in artillery, their aviation exploits have indeed filled us with admiration, and the contempt our people have hitherto felt for their organizing and military ability has

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vanished. But though these psychological factors are favorable to peace sentiment here, they are nullified by what has just happened in Roumania. When that country entered the war, our political and military leaders were frankly alarmed. Now, however, our subjugation of Roumania places us in the light of conquerors; and the Entente will not be disposed to discuss peace at a time when this would seem a condescension on our part. The world outside Germany will judge the peace tender not only by the military situation of the moment, which, except in Southeastern Europe, remains *in statu quo*, but also by the financial and economic resources of the two opponents. In spite of their concern regarding Roumania and Greece, and their fear for their Salonica army, they do not feel that they have lost the war; and their chauvinists, like ours, in Germany, insist on absolute victory. Therefore, the jubilation here in Germany over our peace tender, though very comprehensible as an expression of a passionately cherished wish, will not stand critical examination. The Cabinet changes in France and England do not indicate a desire for peace. Our note will be interpreted by the Entente as a German manœuvre which we know beforehand is sure to fail, and which is intended merely to make the German government appear a true friend of peace to people at home and abroad, to win the sympathies of the Pope and neutral governments, and to strengthen peace movements among our enemies and encourage popular opposition to their war ministries. It is also expected to reinspire the enthusiasm which has long since vanished among our own wearied and exhausted people. The rejection of our peace tender will certainly arouse new interest in the war at home, and win additional supporters for the Auxiliary Service Law, for the act extending the period of military duty, and for a ruthless U-boat campaign. So our peace enthusiasts are likely to have a hard fall. The outlook seems to me most gloomy, but I cannot foresee whither it tends.

The question is whether the Entente will reject the note *in toto* or consent to some petty diplomatic interchanges. Grey seems to have advised against unconditional rejection. No one can foresee how Lloyd George and Balfour will take it. They can certainly strengthen their position by first asking for the conditions under which Bethmann will conclude peace. They will thus escape the charge of being bitter enders. Bethmann will then have to make his position more clear and specific, and the political atmosphere will be cleared. If our Chancellor evades specifying our peace conditions with ambiguous phrases, neutral sentiment will turn increasingly against us.

Although I cherish no illusions as to the character of our peace overtures, I do think they are significant to the extent that they are our first official indication of a desire to negotiate.

The way this important incident was handled by the government and the Reichstag illustrates strikingly what a miserable farce our constitution is. The cabinet again faced the Reichstag with an accomplished fact, and the Reichstag accepted this evidence of contempt without the slightest murmur, refusing even to debate the matter. The Scheidemann folks voted against a debate, which does not surprise me; for they have lost all idea of what democracy really is. The Chancellor did not inform me of the contents of the note before the session. He abuses me because I insist upon an independent attitude. . . . I am deeply grieved at heart. The demoralization of our party is ac-

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companied by distressing symptoms. I never thought it possible that any of our former members would vote for a law like the Auxiliary Service Act, which makes slaves of the working people. When they try to enforce it, things may begin to happen. The bitterness is very deep and finds no outlet for expression under martial law.

May 6, 1917.

You are again forced to spend your birthday as a soldier far from our family circle. There is every reason to hope that it will be the last time. Any other thought is intolerable. Our government leaders, after a long period of depression, have recovered momentary confidence. I do not know how they justify their optimism, although our submarine successes, the heavy French losses of the Aisne, and the temporarily weakened offensive of the Russians, doubtless contribute to it. Austria's war-weariness is becoming more obvious every passing week, and the government of that country does nothing to conceal the fact. On the contrary, it is pressing urgently for peace, and is backing up the efforts of the Social Democrats in that direction. The Turks are losing courage, and the Bulgars want to finish the war as soon as possible. Here in Berlin, the 'holding out' idea is still strong, and we are promised miracles during the next two or three months. Our familiar, but so often discredited policy, of representing everything prosperous on our side and everything disastrous on the enemies' side, is being worked more than ever. The fact that the general strike speedily petered out has restored confidence, and people fail to see the ferment going on below. So the mad carnival of murder continues. Helfferich stated yesterday, following an exceedingly plain-spoken speech by Oscar Cohn, that he did not want peace now, for it would not be favorable enough. Does he expect we will fare better later, when still more governments have joined our enemies and raw materials are even scarcer than they are to-day? But a man who talks sense here at present is a preacher in the wilderness.

Not much is to be expected from the Stockholm Conference. Our group in the Reichstag has refused to participate in the farce of fabricating a resolution which is to bridge over all our local controversies. The Conference is a worthless experiment unless the Socialists of every country are ready to rally shoulder to shoulder against all military cabinets and policies. Nothing can be accomplished by mere phrase-making.

At first the government refused me a passport. After I had attacked them in the budget committee, with the support of David, the authorities withdrew their veto. David made a fair speech in the committee, reproaching the government for being so stupid. 'The world will say that real Socialists were refused passports, and only government Socialists were allowed to go.' That was the actual situation. The government wanted Scheidemann, Ebert, and David to serve as their tools in Stockholm, and to keep away us Independents who are honestly in favor of international peace. We were informed yesterday from Stockholm that the Conference is to be postponed. I do not know when I shall leave. I shall not delay much longer, as I am exceedingly anxious in any case to find out just what the situation is abroad, and to do what little is in my power to hasten peace.

August 6, 1918.

Great things are happening which allow me no repose. The proclamation issued by the trade unions at the open-

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ing of the fifth war year is even more chauvinist than their previous fulminations. The French workingmen have conducted themselves very well. I have read a full account in *Populaire* of the action taken by their General Confederation of Labor. If we could get it before our working people properly interpreted, and make them understand what the workingmen are endeavoring to do in England and Italy, it would clarify the situation greatly. Another noteworthy thing is the attitude of *Populaire* toward the Bolsheviki. It is resolutely opposed to all Entente intervention in Russia, and endeavors to promote an understanding of Bolshevist policy, a policy of aligning the Proletariat definitely against the Bourgeoisie and Socialism definitely against Capitalism. That is the guiding idea for that journal. The situation of the Bolsheviki since the English invasion of North Russia, the advance of the Czecho-Slovaks, and the Japanese occupation of Siberia, has become desperate. Their position has been strengthened with respect to Germany, because our defeats on the Western front and the chaos in Ukraine have compelled Germany to be more conciliatory. So far as my information goes, the Moscow people are aware of this and taking advantage of it. . . .

October 1, 1918.

. . . . Events are crowding each other fast. An attentive reader of the foreign press could not have failed to see for several weeks past that something was going to happen in Bulgaria. Our government has allowed itself to be surprised again. The Bulgarian peasants have been at war for eight years and unable to till their fields; so at last they have thrown down their arms and gone back to work. The spokesman for our war office described it as a 're-migration,' in attempting to explain to the Reichstag the defeat on the Bulgarian front. Whereupon, Erzberger, who was the next speaker, remarked wittily: 'I do not understand that foreign word "re-migration." Perhaps its German equivalent is "desertion."' The Bulgarian soldiers are not only exhausted by the long duration of the war, but they are ragged and starved. As recently as June of the present year, the German government delivered to Bulgaria a quarter of a million uniforms. Last week, we let Bulgaria annex North Dobrudja in order to keep it loyal to us. The people are so weary of war that no inducement will make them fight longer. Tsar Ferdinand sent in his abdication Thursday, but it was refused. However, the throne is crumbling and shrewd old Ferdinand has already sent his children to Vienna. Our government still counts on him. Still, we know beyond doubt that he has sent negotiators to Salonica.

The break-up of the Turkish army in Palestine shows that Turkey will speedily follow Bulgaria's example, whereupon Austria will try to get separate terms. Already that is being suggested in the Vienna Parliament.

You can hardly conceive the state of public opinion here. Yesterday, the Centre Party asked the government how large an indemnity we would have to pay to Belgium. Only a short time ago, I was howled down as a traitor because I ventured to say it was our duty to compensate Belgium. Men who are monarchists to the bone are declaring publicly that the Hohenzollerns must go, if that is necessary to stop the war. You often hear such expressions as this on railway trains: 'Let the French have Alsace-Lorraine, providing we get peace.'

The Kaiser's consent to the formation of a quasi-parliamentary cabinet speaks volumes. Everybody is terri-

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fied. If we survive the present panic, things will settle back into the old status, unless the people put into effect a radical reform before then. The coalition ministry now being organized will probably play out in a few months. The men recommended for cabinet places yesterday — Ebert, Legien, Südekum — do not inspire much confidence among thoughtful workingmen here, and are distrusted by workingmen abroad. Nothing will do more to clarify the situation than just such a coalition ministry.

November 26, 1918.

I have missed you greatly during the revolution. The harsh armistice conditions, the inevitably precipitate demobilization, the government control of our food supply, have made it more necessary than ever to keep the administrative machine working smoothly. Our old bureaucrats have adjusted themselves to the revolution, because they realize that the old government is hopelessly done for. But they are not friendly to radical reforms in our economic and social system. Yet we cannot dispense with their skilled services. However, the Scheidemann people have gone further than this, and have left bourgeois officials in influential political positions. We have not yet got Solf out of the Foreign Office, which he is running in the good old style. I would have seized the government with my followers, but the soldiers were practically unanimous that we should share it with Ebert, and if we had not done so, our bourgeois experts might have struck. So we have been forced to do things which went sadly against our feelings. Revolutionary enthusiasm has received a check.

But the revolution as a whole is only beginning. It depends on the government for its future direction.

June 21, 1919.

The comedy of errors is over for the moment. It was more humorous than entertaining. Confusion of counsels, vacillation, decisions which were immediately annulled, halfway decisions, concessions — all crowded into the last few days! In order to win over the Democrats, the Social Democrats decided to accept the treaty subject to six conditions, which will have been published by the time this reaches you. However, the rank and file of the conservative Socialists were afraid to commit themselves. It was clear that to do so meant Allied occupation, and they would not permit that, although Democrats like Theodor Wolff are ready to take the chance. So the telegram containing this decision was countermanded about nine o'clock, or before it reached Versailles. The change of plan was so sudden, and there was so much pulling and backing, that Fehrenbach did not know the telegram had been canceled until eleven o'clock to-day.

The attitude of the Democrats has put the Social Democrats in a hole. They must share responsibility now with the Centrists alone; but they did not at once sever their relations with the Democrats. They thought that they could keep Dernburg in the cabinet, not as a representative of that party, but as a technical expert; and announced with obvious relief that the cabinet would be completed about one o'clock to-day.

But they had hardly made this statement public, when news came that the Democrats would not serve in the government under any conditions, and consequently that Dernburg and Bernstorff could not be counted on. So a new chase after cabinet officers started. Now — between two and three this afternoon — the list is finished. It consists of

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Social Democrats and Centrists. Bauer is prime minister — a comical outcome. As soon as peace is assured, the Centrists can courteously bid the Social Democrats good-bye, and ally themselves with the bourgeois parties in a new cabinet. The Democrats make no secret of their game, which is to evade responsibility for the most important task before a new government — that is accepting the treaty — and yet declare themselves supporters of that government. So we have one burlesque following another.

The conservative Socialists are greatly concerned as to whether we Independents will honestly vote in favor of the treaty. We are being asked our intention from every side. People cannot conceive such a thing as a party shaping its course strictly according to its principles. German politics are governed so largely by expediency and considerations of immediate tactical advantage, that our leaders cannot comprehend what principles are. Unless we support the treaty, they will not have a majority.

[*Svobodnyia Mysli* (Free Thoughts, Paris Anti-Bolshevist Russian Newspaper), *November 15, 1920*]

MAY IT NOT BE TOO LATE?

BY ARKADY AVERCHENKO

[The author of this sketch is the greatest living Russian writer of satire. He recently escaped from Soviet Russia and is now in Paris.]

I SAY that this happened, because it will happen.

What difference does it make, whether it is the future, the present, or the past? In the tempest of its mad revolutions, the Devil's Wheel mingles everything into a moment: the future instantly becomes the present, and the present disappears into the heap of ruins, known as the past.

When I think of this, I try to imagine that we have already taken Petrograd. At the thought of this, my blood boils in frenzy of joy and its waves begin to inundate my withered heart.

We are in Petrograd!

And then cowardly fear fills me. I grow pale, and begin to pray, cravenly, criminally, illogically:

'Postpone all this! Push it away into the recesses of our remoter days! I am afraid.'

Generally speaking, I am brave. Generally speaking, we have all become hardened and beast-like; we are ready to attack a machine gun unarmed. But. . .

I am afraid of Petrograd.

Two thoughts are at strife within me, like two infuriated dragons:

'What happiness! We shall take Petrograd!'

'I am afraid. Do not take Petrograd!'

'What are you afraid of? Petrograd is our dearest aim, our profoundest desire. What do you fear?'

'I am afraid that we shall take Petrograd *when it will be too late for those who are in it.*'

And this is what I am afraid of — the possibility of a picture like the following:

In the suburbs of Petrograd, the retreating Red troops were still firing on the advancing Russian army, but the centre of the city was already free. A man in civilian clothes, unable to contain his happiness, separated himself from the advancing detachment and ran into one of the side streets of the half-dead city. At the end of the street he saw a bread line.

About seventy men and women stood in line in front of a door over which hung the sign, 'Bread upon presentation of labor cards.'

Like a bomb bursting in a bog, the young conqueror rushed into the group.

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'Comrades. No, the Devil with the comrades! Friends, brothers, you are free! The accursed Commune does not exist any more. From now on each one of you is a free citizen of Great and Mighty Russia.'

'What is he talking about?' asked an old man in a frightened tone, turning to a girl whose face was of a greenish hue. 'What has happened to him, anyway?'

'He says that we are free, that the Commune has fallen.'

The old man moved his lips for an instant and then nodded;

'Maybe that's good. Maybe. That means that they'll let my son out of the Extraordinary Commission, if he is still alive.'

A woman scratched her side and asked, 'And how about the day after tomorrow? They promised to give us soap and salt. Does it mean that we won't get it? That won't do.'

'What soap? What salt?' The young man was in rapture, burning like a torch. 'From now on you will live like human beings. Everything you need, you will be able to buy freely, just as much as you need.'

'That's wonderful,' said the old man indifferently, and began to study the neck of the man immediately ahead of him.

And again the line sank back into its stolid attitude of expectation.

'Friends, brothers!' shouted the young man, jumping from one to another, seizing them by the hands and swinging their arms like the handles of broken pumps. 'Why do you stand here? Run home and shout, hurrah!'

'Hurrah,' came weakly from one man in the line, as he stepped from one foot to another.

'You are a clever fellow,' said the old man, gazing at the young conqueror with an expression of anger and fear. 'You want me to run home so that you could take my place in the line.'

'Are you crazy, or what's happened to you? Why the Devil should I want that lump of putty you call bread? Am I not telling you in plain Russian that Petrograd is in the hands of the Russian army?'

'And how much bread are they going to give to the second category?' asked a workman with a tired, yellow face.

'There won't be any categories. You'll get as much as you need.'

'He is a liar,' said the lucky individual who stood first in the line, nearest to the coveted door.

'Yes, how is it possible to be without categories?'

'Why don't you go about your business, young man?' said the old fellow. 'What's the use in hanging around here like this? Maybe you want to get into the line, then your place is back there; no objections.'

'But don't you understand: you are free?' continued the young man. 'Think of it, if you want to, you can go anywhere you wish without any 'labor books,' or permits, or extraordinary commissions. Just get into a train and go to Odessa, or Sebastopol, or Kursk, wherever you wish.'

'And what do I want to do there?' snickered the woman who stood scratching her side. 'But if you'd help me get soles for my shoes over at the Commissariat of Supplies, I'd be forever thankful to you. And, maybe, some lamp oil. . .'

The young man tried every trick he knew to fire up that crowd, but the bread line, stretching like a long, gray snake, slow and sleepy through hunger, remained unmoved, waiting patiently for the slices of bread; only the first man in the line occasionally rapped timidly on the door, while the rear end of the line grew and grew in length.

The young man, finally grown weary

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with his efforts, burst out into tears and went away.

It was growing dusk. The sounds of a military march came from the distance, and shots were heard. The line became somewhat agitated.

'Why are they playing?'

'And just listen to that shooting.'

'They say the White Guards have come in.'

'You mean Kolchak? Well, I only hope they 'll issue what they promised for to-morrow on the November coupon.'

The line moved about for a minute, and then everything became quiet again.

. . . . . .

Of course, we shall take Petrograd. But if it will be as I have described is that not enough to strike you with maddening fear?

[*Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Swiss Liberal Republican Daily), *November 22, 1920*]

HUGO STINNES: AN INDUSTRIAL LUDENDORFF

BY JOHANNES FISCHART

A PLAY in four acts — possibly five. Not a Socialist, but a Capitalist drama. The fable of a spider which cautiously spins its web wider and wider, over fields, forests, mountains, and valleys, until its silken, glistening, shimmering threads reaches far beyond the utmost confines of the land. A cold, calculating, unemotional man, revealing, little by little, a grandiose imagination, incorporating his will in gold, profits, production, power, and public policy — that is Hugo Stinnes.

Let this do for the prologue. Now the curtain rises.

First act. The cast: Stinnes' family. It is not an old one. His grandfather founded the firm of Matthias Stinnes, Limited, at Mülheim. It was a very modest undertaking financially according to present standards. Hugo's father, of the same name, called himself merely a merchant. The young man was sent to a scientific school where he completed his course without incident. After graduating he served a term as a commercial apprentice at Coblenz. His stay there was brief. There was not sufficient field for his energy in the retail trade, and he speedily became dissatisfied with his prospects. For some months he did manual labor as a practical miner both above ground and below. Then in 1889 he entered the School of Mines at Berlin. Twelve months later he joined the firm of Matthias Stinnes, in which his mother owned a fifth interest. But he stayed there for less than two years. Thereupon he severed completely his relations with this grandfather's company and founded his own house, Hugo Stinnes, Limited, with a capital of fifty thousand marks. This was in 1893, when he was but twenty-two years old.

Second act. Rising fortunes: Stinnes became a coal dealer. He soon got control of several pits. He started the manufacture of briquettes. Next he branched out into iron and steel. A little later he controlled river and ocean going vessels. Then he established foreign agencies and began trading heavily in coal abroad. Soon he had thirty coal stations, in all parts of the world. Stinnes' fleet, consisting of thirteen medium-size steamers, owned by himself, traded in coal, wood, ore, and grain, through the Mediterranean, the Black Sea, the North Sea, and the Baltic. He brought English coal from his Newcastle branch to Hamburg and Rotterdam. His great establishment in the latter city was on the black list during the war. From these distributing points he shipped coal to Genoa, Stettin, Königsberg, and

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Odessa. By the outbreak of the war he was an industrial merchant and shipmaster of first rank, whose private fortune was conservatively estimated at forty million marks in gold. Since 1903 he has been one of the leaders of the Rhenish-Westphalian Coal Syndicate — a man to whom, even under the old régime, the Prussian Minister of Commerce felt compelled to show deference. He was Chairman of the Board of Directors of the German-Luxemburg Mining and Smelting Company, and of the Mülheim Mine Operators' Union; and also a member of the board of directors of practically every important industrial undertaking in the Rhenish-Westphalian coal district. He was a pioneer in the plan for operating all the traction lines and machinery in that mining district by electric power. Moreover, he was doing all these things on a corporation capital of only fifty thousand marks. This great master of mergers, amalgamator, money borrower, and company organizer, had become the terror of the banking world.

That was before the war. The lion held an important section of the German business world under his soft pads but had not yet thrust out his claws. He was a rich man, a shrewd man, a man of vision; enterprising and ambitious. But he was not yet a giant, a trust magnate, a crusher of competition.

Third act. Do not get a false impression of him. He remained in appearance, in demeanor, in unassuming manners, the simple superintendent of his original mine. Thickset but not tall; erect but not military, a heavy featured man with close cropped hair, a school-teacher's well-trimmed beard, an unimpressive countenance of yellowish complexion. His eyes are somewhat oblique, sly, shifting, not deep, but fixing attention. At the same time a hail fellow well met. Not much of a talker, but a keen observer. When he does speak, no superfluous words. Nothing but facts. A calculating machine. When he speaks he is calm, cool, has command of data, imposes, although he expresses himself in a sort of weary whisper, a mere murmur. That is true even when he speaks in public. His gigantic enterprises covering all Europe have been conceived in his brain as a sort of mathematical formula, starting out with the equation: X equals four or five or twenty or one hundred or five hundred millions, and ending in a product expressing his interests, his employees' interests, his country's interests, which he always conceives as identical.

When he visits his enterprises, the managers receive him with icy fear. A glance, a question, a searching inquiry into some minor detail which he had at his fingers' ends — and alas for the employee who cannot answer readily on the spur of the moment. His face clouds. He can be masterful and brutal. Yes, indeed, he keeps his men under close rein. He must be credited with that. His business letters are often more general in their contents — cold disquisitions on economic matters. I have seen such a communication written before the war in which he discusses the growing brevity of business crises. Such letters are manifolded and sent to all his branch offices.

Fourth act. The War: This was a crisis in which the man, favored in an unexampled way by fortune, fairly exceeded himself. When the storm broke his money chests were already filled to the brim. Now war earnings flowed in like a spring freshet. He multiplied his fortune exporting coal to neutral countries at fantastic profits on exchange. To be sure many of his foreign enterprises were sequestered;

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but this was compensated by the dizzy expansion of his business at home. When the German army overran Belgium and northern France and took control of the coal and iron mines in these regions, and again when the Hindenburg programme stimulated the production of munitions to the utmost, Stinnes was a frequent visitor at the Great Headquarters — a man constantly called in as an expert advisor, and soon a master mind behind the scenes when important questions of policy were being weighed. At the same time his flood of profits rose higher and higher. And the excess profit tax? A bagatelle. How much money did he have deposited in neutral banks? How much did he have seeking new investments? The time came when he could not place all his funds through ordinary banking channels. His capital kept madly multiplying. And his influence upon the economic and political policy of the government kept pace with his expanding wealth. Only one thing he refused. He would not indulge in display. He insisted on enjoying his riches and his power in cold retirement, remote from noisy, curious guests and flatterers.

In 1916 he entered Hamburg, and purchased the great shipping enterprise of Eduard Woermann, buying the latter's interest in the Woermann and the German-East African Lines. The Hamburg American and North German Lloyd Companies shared in the transaction. It is characteristic of all his business enterprises that he seldom undertakes anything alone. It might be that his own shoulders could not carry the colossal burden. He either gets in new partners or gives the old owners a share in the enterprise; but he holds the reins in his own firm right hand. The wagon must follow the path in which he guides. He thus secured a foothold in our great Elbe port. A year later he absorbed the famous old firm of H. W. Heidmann, founded in Hamburg back in 1848, with all its steamship lines and wharves. Minor enterprises followed in quick succession. Albert Ballin remarked in a tolerant way: 'The Hamburg-American Company cherishes the wish to link its interests more largely and directly than hitherto with those of our great industrialists and great banks.' Six months later, in January 1918, the 'Hugo Stinnes Maritime and Foreign Trading Corporation' was registered at Hamburg. Contracts were given to Kiel shipyards for building eleven steamers. Stinnes planned to handle all his foreign trade after the war with his own vessels, and thus to make himself wholly independent of fluctuations in foreign charter rates. Simultaneously he was buying up smaller firms engaged in the shipping business and coal trade. On one occasion he purchased at one stroke seven great estates in East Prussia, and many smaller pieces of property adjoining them, in order to insure himself an independent supply of mine timber. Eventually, the time came when the capital of the original company at Mulheim was raised from fifty thousand marks to five million marks. Then, in September 1918, Stinnes and his associates bought a controlling interest in several large lignite mines.

Almost immediately afterward Germany collapsed. What would a revolution do to all these enterprises and projects which might be crushed like a house of cards? Ballin despaired, and died two days after the armistice was signed. What now of Stinnes?

Fifth act. Stinnes waited for the first violence of the revolution to subside. He fought to survive. He did not lose courage. Perhaps some reorganization would be necessary. He disclosed his democratic sympathies and

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addressed himself, through an intermediary, to a Democratic cabinet officer, in order to enroll himself in that party. So things were eased along. Meantime the darkest clouds of the revolution blew over. He cultivated cordial relations with his employees. He organized 'labor communities.' 'Why should n't I grant my employees higher wages? I make a bargain with them and then raise the price of my coal. One hand washes another. There is a good demand for coal. People will pay me any price I ask.'

So revolutionary profits were added to war profits. Stinnes collected in addition uncounted sums as compensation for his sequestered enterprises abroad and his vessels seized by hostile powers. However, his most bountiful source of income was the enormous profits he made on exchange by the coal and other products which he exported. These added new millions to his acquired capital, which must be invested. Stinnes bought up enterprise after enterprise, hardly stopping to take breath: the Loeb automobile factory at Charlottenburg, the Esplanade Hotel at Berlin, and then newspaper after newspaper. The Büxenstein firm owning a number of small reactionary papers was first acquired; then came the old authoritative *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, the semi-official organ of the government. Hereupon he paused long enough to buy two cellulose factories in East Prussia in order to insure plenty of paper for his journals. Where is this to stop? All the new taxes we may levy do not affect him — neither the increased income tax, nor the property tax, nor the special emergency levy. He only shovels in the gold faster and buys up more undertakings.

Gradually the attention of the whole country has been centered upon this industrial Ludendorff. He occupies the middle of the political stage. He largely financed the campaign of the German People's Party in the last election. He was put up as a candidate, elected, and became a member of the Reichstag. He has been appointed to the National Economic Council. He was summoned to the Spa Conference as an expert to negotiate for the coal deliveries to the Entente. He threw his influence there in favor of breaking off negotiations. He would calmly let the French occupy the Ruhr district, because he considers it impossible to furnish the amount of coal demanded to the Entente.

Stinnes endeavored to do business directly with Millerand, and proposed to him a community interest between French steel makers and his own coal companies. But he accomplished nothing. After his return from Spa he tried to convert the public to his views by his speeches before the National Economic Council, at the Automobile Club, and to the leading members of the press. But he simultaneously makes wise and definite suggestions as to how Germany should try to comply with its obligations for coal deliveries.

Stinnes is hardly fifty years old. He may yet have a long career before him. He represents the man of action in the midst of thousands of men of talk. He incorporates a mighty will and a bold imagination. He is a man of figures, but one whose figures are living things. He is even public spirited and progressive, so far as these sentiments serve his personal interests. 'If I have adopted advanced social theories, I have not forgotten myself in doing so.'

So the fifth act of the drama is not yet ended. Let the spectators wait till the curtain rises on another scene.

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[*The Outlook* (London Conservative Literary Weekly), *November 20, 1920*]

AWAKENING AFRICA

BY 'AFRICANUS'

RELATIVELY few people at home realize that Africa is at last awakening from her long sleep. Even in Africa those who realize this momentous fact are not numerous. To the few, however, the signs are obvious that the continent is not as peaceful as it appears to be, and that the natives are not content.

In the 'settled' areas of tropical Africa one may often hear the opinion expressed that these areas are 'a white man's country.' The utter dependence of the Europeans on the natives disproves this. If one succeeds in getting any of the settlers to consider the possibility of a big native strike — of a passive refusal by the black man to pay tax to, or work for, the white man — they admit that such a strike would paralyze the country, and would completely ruin every settler. On this hypothesis they can see that the country is still the black man's, for he could exist without the white, while the latter could not live without him. Unfortunately, it is not sufficient to admit a hypothesis. Those to whom I have referred deny the possibility of such a strike. People at home listen to them, and, because they live in Africa, it is presumed that they are authorities and that they understand the natives and the natives' point of view. This is entirely fallacious. The majority of Europeans in tropical Africa have no idea of the trend of native thought, for they do not know the natives in their homes, nor do they understand their dialects. One can know the native laborer — domestic servant, farm hand, or mine worker — and yet be entirely ignorant of the natives.

Natives have learned much from a succession of European strikes in Africa, and have already 'struck' in several places on a small scale. There have been other signs, such as the attempted picketing and successful boycott of stores where prices ruled unduly high — clear signs for those who care to read. One of the chief sources of dissatisfaction is the greatly increased cost of all purchases, which has, for the natives, no corresponding increase in wages. Some, long accustomed to buying imported cloths, now fall back on skin and bark cloths; others, who have grown used to plows, are forced to revert to hoes. All this is retrograde, besides being a disturbing factor, and it needs statesmanlike action urgently. Beyond the immediate cause for discontent there is a more permanent reason — the growing consciousness among the Bantu races that they constitute a considerable economic and social factor in the development of Africa. This leads naturally to a desire for more help from the government in education, medical attention, and so on; and a failure to meet these legitimate aspirations will lead, sooner than most anticipate, to serious trouble.

Describing England of 1830 Disraeli wrote: 'The people were without education, and relatively to the advance of science and the comfort of the superior classes, their condition had deteriorated, and their physical quality as a race was threatened.' This applies *literally* to Africa to-day, and so long as those who are responsible for our African policy are limited in outlook and lack faith and courage we shall continue to drift into a state of affairs that will spell bankruptcy for every European directly concerned, serious trouble at home, and paralysis in Africa. It needs considerable expenditure on native needs (an insurance premium) to avert this risk, and a strong

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policy — a policy unpopular in many ways with the European settlers. The settlers and others who are engaged in the economic exploitation of Africa are *not* good judges of its policy; they are too much wrapped up in their own work, in amassing fortunes, or a competence, in building up estates for their posterity. The policy must be decided over their heads for their sakes as well as for the sake of others. Let me repeat that even lengthy residence in Africa does not itself prove any knowledge of African thought or of African dangers. Government needs much wisdom and discretion in its choice of advisers, and should lend an ear primarily to those who have lived among the natives for a long time — and not to all of them! Those whose personal knowledge ended a decade or so ago might be very dangerous guides to-day. Government should appoint a strong Commission to visit Africa, and the Commissioners should not content themselves with taking the views of headquarters' officials, big land-owners, and leading men in the commercial world, but should seek the less orthodox opinions of those who live among the natives — missionaries, district officials, hunters, traders. The Commissioners will then get as near as they can to native opinion (they could not possibly get it direct), and one may confidently assert that the evidence will indicate the need for the provision of a natural outlet, by sound education and general assistance in evolution, for the natives' growing consciousness; that is to say, there must be some satisfaction of the natives' desire for a tangible return for our taxation, our somewhat irksome rule, and the expropriation of much of their land.

The chief incentive to race conflict at present is the natives' instinct of self-preservation. The only way to avoid race conflict, which is bound to result in the ultimate victory of the black, is to remove this idea of self-preservation from its predominant position; and this we must do by proving to the natives by our acts that we wish not only to preserve them but to help them onward and upward; thus demonstrating in a practical way that their 'development and well-being' really are regarded by us as a 'sacred trust.' Once they see that we mean to preserve them they will not be forced to concentrate their thoughts on self-preservation. It is not sentimental foolishness, though many voices will be raised to decry it; it is absolutely necessary, not only if we are ever to regenerate Africa, but if we are to retain any foothold in the continent.

'When . . . I expressed these views, long meditated, to my countrymen, they met with little encouragement. He who steps out of the crowd is listened to with suspicion or with heedlessness. . . . I incurred the penalty of being looked on as a missionary, and what I knew to be facts were treated as paradoxes.' So wrote Disraeli in the passage from which I have already quoted; and this is the feeling that those of us who would serve Africa and England have, as we plead that our statesmen may look beyond the immediate desires of a few interested Europeans — may have more foresight and a broader outlook. The war made all African problems more pressing, as it had a distinctly enlightening effect on the natives; but it has also pulled us up sharply and has given us a chance of abandoning the dangerous policy of drift into which we had for so long settled. Such a cataclysm is bound to make a break with the past. Let us take advantage of it to start a policy that is inspired by knowledge of the past and thought for the future, and so avoid the dangers that can be so clearly seen by those who know where to look.

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[*Japan Advertiser* (Tokyo American Daily), *November 11, 1920*]

AT THE JAPANESE ARMY MANŒUVRES

BY N. P. MILIARESSY

One of the questions which is periodically renewed on the approach of the grand military manœuvres is that of their utility, if not in an absolute sense, then considering the great expense which they involve. It is a question which is settled by examining whether their results correspond to the expenditure or whether they could not be obtained by less expensive means.

Now, the objects are to give the high commanding officers and their collaborators some practice in the leadership of great units and some experience in the working of the supply service, and to train the troops to field life. These are points of incontestable importance. The first would be sufficient to justify any expense, because the collection of men, arms, and materials, as also all labor spent in the organization of the armed forces, would be valueless if the supreme chiefs were incapable of handling them.

It is said that the grand manœuvres do not prepare the high commands for the solution of the great strategic problems which might be presented to them in actual war, because the position will be very different from any of the situations which occur at the beginning of a campaign. But the study of strategic problems is like the study of geometrical problems; he who has well grasped the fundamental principles and knows how to apply them has a sure guide for finding out the proper solution in widely different cases. Therefore, identity of the situation is not necessary in order that the manœuvres should instruct; even if it is very different from any likely to occur in actual war, it will require a keen analysis of the various values of the real and hypothetical elements which constitute it and will be of use for didactic purposes.

From the point of view of supplies, all recognize that nothing can offer better means of practical and complete instruction than the grand manœuvres, and this because the problems of commissariat grow in difficulty with the number of men for whom one must provide and with the extension of their movements. The strategy of the manœuvres will always contain something arbitrary and conventional; but as far as the service of supplies is concerned, we find situations perfectly similar to those of war and we can reproduce the operations — including the removal of the wounded — in an identical manner. For that reason it is in this respect that the highest profit is drawn from the manœuvres. And this is why the strong opponents of grand manœuvres do not combat them in themselves, but only as long as they are not executed mainly with a view to affording experience in the service of supplies.

The Japanese army has never been in better condition. It is well-clothed, comparatively well-fed, and, while the evidence as to the state of its artillery is inconclusive, its musketry training is perfect. In the last manœuvres which I witnessed, I once more verified the marvelous resistance and endurance of Japanese infantry and the capacity of the high commands and their coadjutors in the conduct of great unities.

From what I have observed during the operations and on other occasions, I am convinced that great strides are being made in the practical training of all ranks, and I have been greatly impressed by the keenness displayed in the field, individually and collectively, to achieve a high standard of professional skill. The demands of modern war are such that the necessary degree of ef-

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ficiency can only be attained by constant study on the part of officers and by strenuous service, loyalty to each other, and devotion to duty on the part of all.

Considering the manœuvres from a lighter aspect, one of the first things I never succeed in understanding perfectly is the manner in which the judges in the field establish with precision the victory or defeat of troops in the manœuvring field.

I will not say that on arriving at the manœuvres one succeeds in forming any exact idea of them; neither will I speak of the facility with which one succeeds in not understanding anything, and of the facility with which a great number of persons — including the military attachés — succeed in speaking a long time about things which nobody understands. There is a very good reason for this. At the manœuvres, even if you rush round desperately everywhere, you see very little of that which represents the strategic movements. But one succeeds at least in understanding that the work of the umpires in the field is strongly organized and runs regularly, and that, like all things well organized and working well, it cannot be on the spot when an action begins. Thus, sometimes it may happen that two bodies of troops, discharging their rifles against each other, may continue for a long time without knowing whether they have been killed by the enemy or whether the enemy has been destroyed. So, in order not to lose a potential claim, they continue to massacre each other, without possibility of knowing how it will end. Then the umpire arrives; he looks, calculates, and establishes who are the dead and who are the living. The living proceed to enjoy themselves, and the dead heave a sigh of relief, and, if possible, get also something to eat and to drink, with the serene consciousness that they have died accomplishing their duty.

The system of making prisoners in the manœuvres is very simple and effective. Two hostile reconnoitring patrols meet each other; the one is composed of ten men, the other of twelve. There is no discussion; the twelve make prisoners of the ten — convincing and mathematical!

Another of the imaginary things in the manœuvres is that of damages and disasters — the mines, destruction of bridges and viaducts, and all the infinite variety of warlike sabotage. And the tranquility with which they speak of them! A captain, whom I met during one of the last manœuvres and whom I wanted to interrogate in order to increase the outfit of confusion which I was diligently collecting, answered me:

'I am just coming from breaking up the Chitose Bridge and the railway.'

'Dear me!' said I.

'But the soldiers were a little tired, because yesterday we destroyed a telegraph office and last night we damaged a road and blew up a pair of bridges.'

'I understand. It must be very tiresome work. And now what have you and your company in mind to destroy?'

'The rations.'

What must we say about these poor (figuratively speaking) foreign military attachés who are nothing but prisoners in these Japanese manœuvres, groping in the dark, following their guides, and seeing only that which they are allowed to see? They never know anything, either before, nor during, nor after the manœuvres. The only thing which they know very well is that they are going to have for a few days, and without expense, a very good time, many nice dinners, and plenty of champagne! It is undoubtedly a very agreeable mission!

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

FAREWELL TO D'ANNUNZIO

A RUMOR is at hand, as I write, that d'Annunzio has been wounded. By the time that these lines meet the public gaze, the whole Fiume adventure will surely have had its day; indeed, these very mornings are seeing the last of it. Whatever betide, may the Muses of History and Literature give a generous welcome to the dethroned dictator. More than any man of our time, Gabriele d'Annunzio has worked to destroy that absurd notion of the man of letters which the world inherits from the romantic era, that notion which sees the man of letters as an out-of-the-worldling, brooding amid pale lilies, and nourishing himself on gorgeous dreams. Bravo for old, bald-headed Gabriele — what a first class rumpus — what an adventure he gave to the world! Mr. J. C. Squire writes entertainingly and wisely of him in the last number of the London *Mercury*. Says Mr. Squire: 'The poet rises early, studies plans of defence at his headquarters; confers with his own commanders, or (on occasion) with the Italian commanders; arranges mysteriously for the maintenance of his forces and the civil population; and makes continual speeches which are said, for sheer mass of music and luxuriance of image, to excel anything he has ever done. In the intervals of his daily routine he still, apparently, writes; and he has found time to construct for his little Sparta a constitution embodying all the latest known democratic devices from Nevada and Oregon. His power, we are always told, is waning. But he has not resigned yet; and we had heard those stories for months when, during a panicky period in Italy, our newspapers suddenly began speculating as to whether he might not march on Rome and even make a bid for the throne. One had a sudden vision of a descent on Venetia with a few thousands — a progress during which half the youth in the Italian army might flock to his banners — an entry into the capital, a triumphant speech, a brief dictatorship, and a collapse.

'It was only a dream — a dream of confusion and destruction which one watched as one watches a fire or a devastating storm, or any other splendid and undesirable thing. Probably there was never any chance of it. Very likely d'Annunzio himself, who seems to have shed his cruder Nietzschianism and to have elements of cool if audacious statesmanship in him, is not inclined to precipitate ruin for the sake of a display, and has no illusions as to the possibility of a permanent success. But the mere fact that other people should have been tempted to play with the idea shows the impression that they have subconsciously received from him. They have realized that he is fearless, energetic, and ruthless beyond the normal of mankind. They feel in d'Annunzio — what Renan saw in Napoleon, who was a less complete example — a reversion to the old *condottiere* type. He has baffled everybody by sticking at nothing; and, unlike most men who stick at nothing, he is utterly indifferent to the safety

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of his own skin. He would be a remarkable phenomenon in contemporary Europe even were he a mere professional soldier of fortune or a common political bandit. His aspect would still, like that of the tiger, attract by its qualities of strength and ferocious grace.

'Had he been no more than an adventurous Italian captain his little Adriatic romance might have secured him the attention of the descriptive historians of the future and dramatists in search of a fiery subject and a picturesque setting. But these exploits in war and politics, coming at the close — or, as it may be, in the middle — of so eminent and prolific an artistic career as his, make him unique. In his surging and sumptuous Venetian book the hero made a tremendous speech on "the dreams of domination, of pleasure, and of glory that Venice has first nursed and then suffocated in her marble arms"; and the author, analyzing the effects upon the hearers of that panegyric of beauty and power, said that "some one among them already imagined himself crumpling laurel leaves to perfume his fingers, and some already dreamed of discovering at the bottom of a silent canal the ancient sword and the old, lost diadem."

'D'Annunzio was already among the last, but for most dreamers it is one thing to dream and another to act. He attracts with the triple force of character, of genius, and of idea; and no stage manager could have provided him with a more dazzling series of backgrounds. This is not the place in which to discuss the wisdom or folly of his recent acts and the justice of his political aims. As for the man himself, I can only say that I heartily sympathize with Henry James, who compared his search for d'Annunzio's radical defect to that of the plumber who, with his little lamp, scours a house in the endeavor to locate a mysterious bad smell. His plans may end in smoke; his art may be defective; we may dislike his character and even regret his survival, but it is impossible wholly to laugh at him or to deny him admiration; and we may conjecture that his biography a hundred years hence will be regarded as one of the most astonishing and engrossing chapters in the history of literature.'

Little Don Quixote

We recently announced that the Phœnix Society had produced *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*. The following criticism of the first performance is from the pages of the week's *Athenæum*:

'A nursery charade is an excellent thing, but a whole evening of it provokes yawns. The fact that its authors are Beaumont and Fletcher gives it no additional sanctity to a generation that has read Shaw on the Elizabethans and Mr. Middleton Murry on "Shakespeare Criticism." It must stand or fall to-day on its merits, not the prestige of its writers, and its merits are simply those of a jolly nursery romp, unduly prolonged. Anybody who can find a gleam of real wit or a shred of true poetry in it should at once advertise his discovery. A number of critics have been saying how much they enjoyed it, but why they enjoyed it they were uncommonly chary of disclosing. For our own part, we can only with difficulty think ourselves back into the state of social consciousness for which "cits," and tradesfolk, and 'prentices were in their nature fit subjects for ridicule, nor do we swallow without repugnance the gibes tossed by the puny children of the Renaissance at the decadence of chivalry, an institution they would

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have been just as unable to appreciate in its hour of grandeur. It is only a step from *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* to the dreary inanity of *Bombates Furioso*, and later crude burlesques of mediævalism. They cannot all take refuge behind the mantle of Don Quixote, and really, we sometimes wished during the performance of *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* (towards the end of the second part especially) that Mr. Chesterton, fresh from his pilgrimage to Jerusalem and his crusade on behalf of the crusaders, would rise in grandeur from the stalls and impose peace on the players with a flourish of his falchion.

'Meanwhile we know why so many people thought they were seeing a good play; it was because they were seeing a good company.'

Everyman's Library

At the time when war made progress impossible, Mr. Dent had issued seven hundred and forty volumes out of the thousand which it was originally proposed should be included in *Everyman's Library*. Mr. Dent now says that the completion of the Library on the old lines is not, for the time being, possible. 'Were we to attempt to issue fresh volumes of *Everyman's Library* with the average number of pages of the present books (about five hundred) they could not be sold under 4*s*. or 5*s*. at the least.

Some of the volumes have already gone out of print and cannot, at present prices, be reprinted, but Mr. Dent says that he is determined to complete all the sets of works which he has begun — such as the new translation of Livy by Carson Roberts — to keep in print all the essential and popular books, and eventually to fulfil his undertaking to produce a thousand volumes. A revised list is now obtainable.

*Flowers, Herbs, and Weeds**

Here is an attractive, well-printed book for lovers of old-time quaintness. The author is evidently very well read in old literature; but when she speaks of 'contemporary authorities,' she does not indicate, we gather, the herb-mixer of to-day. She is writing from the point of view of the antiquary, who loves to tell us what Henry VIII and other sound trenchermen of the past chose to tickle their appetite, and what meaner folks, who could not afford doctors, used to cure themselves in the way of decoctions of common plants.

A revival has long been on hand of old-fashioned herbs, though few so far who visit Kew go to the broad and well-ordered Herbal Garden hidden behind a tall brick wall. This revival may be assisted by the book; but the author has lapses which make us uncomfortable. She is amateurish in her descriptions, and with all her knowledge she has not taken the trouble to get her lore of the past correct. She is evidently not a classical scholar. Derivations, which would have cleared up or aptly illustrated some points, are seldom supplied. The book, in fact, seems to waver between the practical and sentimental aspects of the subject, and to achieve neither. Borage and woodruff are both used to flavor 'cups.' Cowslip tea is, or used to be, well known in the country as well as cowslip wine. Saffron and meadow saffron are different things, and the addition of the Latin names would have emphasized the point. In several cases the descriptions of the plants are vague, and no details are given of the methods of preparation desirable for cordials or medicines. We gather that salads were triumphs in old days; but should have

* *A Garden of Herbs: Being a Practical Handbook to the Making of an Old English Herb-Garden together with numerous Receipts from contemporary Authorities.* With fourteen illustrations. By Eleanour Sinclair Rohde. Philip Lee Warner. 12*s*. 6*d*. net.

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been glad to learn further what would make them triumphs to-day, for in this art foreigners are far beyond us.

With the aid of an expert or two, the volume might have been both charming and practical. As it is, it will excite the enthusiasm of those who make herbs a fashionable cult; but it is likely to disappoint people who pride themselves on country cures. The writing is easy, but a little casual, and could have been improved by a reader of experience.

Many of the old references will delight lovers of English folklore; but we must decline to be interested in what that humbug Ossian invented concerning the legend of the daisy.

The Innocence of New York Through British Eyes

For many English readers this delightful novel * will be a revelation of the depths which can be sounded by international ignorance. Gentlemen of unbounded leisure and a taste for commercial probity which amounts to a disease, ladies combining the angel and the bore in a measure beyond the dreams even of a Thackeray, troops of obsequious and efficient white domestics! Not such are the inhabitants whom most of us have mentally assigned to New York — at any stage of that city's existence. But Mrs. Wharton abundantly demonstrates that this state of things obtained only in a very limited circle, to a degree inconceivable by older and more corrupt civilizations. A happy circle it cannot well be called, since to assert that happiness may be compatible with dullness is to state a contradiction in terms; by rights it should not be attractive any more than happy, but the author contrives to make it so, partly no doubt through the easy laughter called forth by its patently ludicrous standards, but partly also from admiration for the finer element contained in them.

The heroine, a daughter of this secluded aristocracy, ventures in defiance of its conventions on an exogamic alliance with a wealthy Polish nobleman, who transports her to a cosmopolitan atmosphere, where art, literature, and brilliant conversation are among the commonplaces of life. On the other hand, she is unfortunate in her husband, and the sympathy consequently bestowed upon her is of a different quality from that which under like conditions would have fallen to her share in New York. Returning, rather under a cloud, to the old home, she is received by her relations with a splendid loyalty, which she genuinely appreciates. But naturally she finds the former things insipid, and — with no evil intentions — drifts into hazardous intimacy with a young man yearning for 'European culture,' and for the society of women competent to discuss it. His wedded peace is gravely endangered, and only the traditional ideas intervene to hinder a tragedy from reaching its climax.

From a literary point of view, this story is on a level with Mrs. Wharton's best work. As a retrospect of the early 'seventies, it is less satisfactory, being marred by numerous historical lapses.

* *The Age of Innocence.* By Edith Wharton Appleton. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.

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[*The Anglo-French Review*]

THE SPLENDOR OF FRANCE

BY EDMUND GOSSE

An old French proverb said: 'France is the fairest realm that exists, except Heaven.' The monk, or minstrel, who first made that statement was a cautious man, a man of moderate speech. He did not know what inexpressible beauties might be awaiting us in the groves of Paradise, but he was quite sure to be safe when he asserted that, outside Heaven, France had no rival. We may suppose that the maker of the old proverb had certain definite ideas in his mind — ideas which to us to-day would seem arrogant and local. But, with the years, the horizon of humanity has extended. When we praise, as we do with full voices and grateful hearts, the consummate beauty of France, we mean many things and embrace a whole system of qualities. We think not only of the grace and variety of the physical character of France, nor only of its amenities and social charm, but we think of that chivalry which has exhibited itself in the French nation since the days of Charlemagne, and of that intelligence and moral courage and high resource which have made the name of France like a torch waved above the world. This is what we are thinking about when we celebrate the splendor of France. It is of a mixture of physical, moral, and intellectual beauty such as is to be discovered nowhere to-day, in so full a blossom of civilization, as it is in our sister and most dear Ally.

Although our relations with our nearest neighbor are so close, it cannot be said that France is well enough known in England. There is infinite room for us to increase our practical familiarity with it. Everybody, in years of peace, goes over to Paris at least once in a lifetime, and it is possible that, as he glances now and then out of the carriage window, he fails to perceive the charm which we proclaim in the variety of French landscape. If he starts from Calais or Boulogne, there is nothing very striking to be seen. He passes near those glorious churches — Abbeville, Amiens, Beauvais — but they are out of sight, and he is not conscious of their neighborhood. On either side of Creil the railway line, it must be confessed, picks out as ugly a piece of country as the most perverse of engineers would wish to cross. If, on the other hand, the traveler starts from Dieppe or Le Havre, he winds through the Pays de Caux and up the valley of the Seine, country which has a great beauty of its own, but of a nature best revealed to the pedestrian.

At best, the railway journey from London to Paris reveals but little, not merely of the character, but of the surface of France. We do not realize generally enough that Paris stands in the north, and not, as we vaguely think, in the centre of the country. It takes five times the distance from Paris to the English Channel, as the crow flies, to reach the Spanish frontier on the west, and more than five to touch Italy on the Mediterranean. A line drawn east and west through the centre of the country runs farther south

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of Paris than Paris lies from the northern shores. The moral of all this is that, if we wish to understand the wonderful variety and richness of France, we must not think that we know anything because we have paid a pleasure visit to Paris. It is quite true that the capital and its environs are full of beauty. Nothing in the world is more enchanting than a late summer sunrise over the Place de la Concorde. The great romantic artist, Gustave Moreau, when he was asked where a disciple would do well to go to study nature, replied that there was much for a landscape painter to study between the Rue de la Paix and Saint Cloud, which is like saying between Trafalgar Square and Wimbledon. But this is another matter. In our survey of the wide realm of France, we will not neglect the wonders of Paris and her surroundings, but we shall resist the temptation — to which, it is true, a great many Frenchmen yield — of thinking that these attractions bound the possibilities of France.

France is not a country, like Norway, where a kodak can be pointed at a venture, and some bristling arrangement of glacier and fir trees be automatically the result. If we seek for the prime quality of French landscape, it is delicacy that we hit upon. Delicate are the skies of Ile de France, delicate the emotion of a deep Burgundian twilight. The beauty of the deserted and mournful plains of Picardy, with the solemnity of their rows of poplar trees, which stand like sentinels guarding the scene, is not revealed to the first comer. Some apprenticeship is needed before we grasp the initial plan on which this marvelous country is organized.

The best way to realize the general lay of the land in France, a feature which the ordinary maps tend to conceal, is to observe that, in leaving England by Folkestone or Newhaven, the slope is exactly opposite to us. If the eye could reach so far, we should see right in front, across the flats of Flanders on the left and the waving plains of the Ile de France on the right, a gradual upward incline. In the middle distance we should discover the volcanic mountains of Auvergne, and those of the Cevennes behind them, while still farther, and closing the giant vista, would rise the majesty of the Alps on the left and the crystalline delicacy of the Pyrenees on the right. We should see the whole of France sloping upward from the English Channel to the Mediterranean. Supposing that we could stand on the cliffs of Kent, dowered with this prodigious ability to pierce the distance, we should not be aware of any break in this long incline, for the flat places in the south of France, such as those which lie along the lower course of the Rhone and the whole of the Garonne from Toulouse seawards, are, on the grand scale, merely local, and would be concealed behind the outlines of the Gévaudan.

This consideration ought to be borne in mind when we think broadly of the landscape of France, which is perhaps more exquisitely arranged, by more of an artist's hand, than that of any other country in Europe. The arrangement of the rising slope, diversified, of course, by incessant changes of elevation, produces, in its charming variety, scenery to the taste of everyone. It is necessary, however, to seek it.

France is not like Switzerland, where a particular and very limited class of landscape — all pines and cold blue lakes and stretches of snow — assaults the traveler's eye directly he arrives and holds it till he leaves. In France, if we know where to look for it, every kind of scene lies waiting for the traveler's appreciation; but it is never overpowering in its mass, or exclusive in its

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appeal. If he likes snow mountains and pine trees, nothing in all Switzerland is more Alpine than Dauphiné. If he is inoculated with the love of vast expanses and the stretch of endless skies, not Holland itself will give him longer horizons than the *landes* of Gascony and the plain of Poitou. He supposes that nowhere are the sea rocks of so lustrous an ebony and the sea so radiant with the colors of the peacock as at the extremity of Cornwall, until he visits Brittany, and finds even more solemn borders to a more splendid ocean in the Pays de Léon and in Cornuaille.

In France, if we have patience to look, there is a piece of everything. It is needless to go to Spain for the parched solemnity of La Mancha. For those who have a partiality for scorched and ravined solitudes, the strange landscapes of the Quercy seem naturally prepared.

In describing the surface of France, it is to be noted that, in spite of all official discouragement, we still refer to the old Provincial divisions more freely than to the departments which have been in existence since 1790. It is much easier to speak of Champagne than of Marne or Aube, and more sentiment seems to be conjured up by the name of Anjou than attaches to Maine-et-Loire. This is strange, because the Provinces, as a rule, had no natural frontiers and no geological peculiarities; they were entirely political entities, and very often they actually altered their position. For instance, at the close of the tenth century Burgundy included the greater part of what we call Switzerland and the whole of Provence; while half of it was inside the limits of the empire. The frontiers of Lorraine have shifted during the last eight hundred years to a degree which might whiten the hair of a geographer. During the second half of the seventeenth century the form of this Province changed every few years, like the glass in a kaleidoscope.

We may easily forget that mediæval France at one time included the whole western part of Flanders up to Antwerp, and in the south the province of Spain which we now call Catalonia, and that at an epoch when it did not include the valley of the Rhone or Lyons. It is odd to think, as we stand under the great red cathedral of Rodez, much nearer to the Mediterranean than to the Atlantic, that this remote city on a hilltop was actually English in 1380.

When the natural features of France are not beautiful, it is rare for the lack not to be made up for by the charm and dignity of the buildings. It is noticeable that towns are always more interesting in flat or undulating than in mountainous districts. It is in the north and west, and mainly where there are no lakes or forests, that the life of the French cities is most vivid. The celestial fane of Chartres, which some people think to be the loveliest church in Christendom, lifts its twin silver spires out of the dead level of La Beauce — waving corn fields that stretch in every direction as far as the eye can reach. Beauvais rises like a gigantic rock out of a sea of meadows. The noble cathedral of Bourges, with its interminable nave, adorns a portion of the very centre of France, which, without it and its delightful city round it, would have little attraction. The towns of France are the most fascinating in Europe. They complete the charm of the country, and they are in harmony with that gaiety of spirit which gives tone to all French landscape.

You cannot know France unless you know her churches. They breathe a more intimate life than even her rivers and her woodlands and her mountains. There is a soul in the stones with which

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ancient and graceful cities are compounded, and that soul is now more nobly expressed and more freshly preserved in the ecclesiastical buildings of the Provinces than elsewhere. In old times the châteaux, the civic halls, the ramparts, shared with the cathedrals this solemnity. They were all living symbols of the vigor of composite human intelligence. But time has weighed heavily on the palaces and fortresses. They have had to make way for fresh developments of civilization, and have left but their ruins behind them. Ruins are curiosities, but they are dead; it is in the churches of France alone that we find the old Gallic inspiration still intensely alive.

To realize this is to understand the pedantic pleasure which the Germans have had in mutilating and defiling the glorious churches of France. I was just about to speak of the perfect cathedral of Noyon which broods like a heavenly dove over the Oise, when I recollected that the foul Huns have been making a barrack-room of its delicate choir. There are many more districts of France which they deflowered and lost before they could be dislodged. Germany, which has ceased to care about creating, has a wild beast's joy in wanton destruction. She is not like the heathen who know not what they do. The Prussian professor, stuffed with the pedantries of the ages, gloated through his spectacles at the blaze of the minster of Rheims, because he intimately appreciated the fact that the outrage would impoverish the wealth of the civilized world.

During the war I traversed the communes which the Germans left behind them when they retreated on the Marne, and it seemed to me that the mutilation of the modest village churches was almost more shocking than the devastation of the splendid cathedral of Soissons. When the romantic city of Arras was destroyed something of the very lifeblood of the world was shed to gratify the insolence of a Hohenzollern.

Before the war a portion of France which was comparatively little visited by English travelers was the farther district of Lorraine. This is, in itself, not the most attractive of French landscapes. The country between the Meuse and the Moselle from west to east, and between the old provinces of Bar and Franche-Comté from north to south, has a certain hardness of aspect and a half-Teutonic air. The atmosphere has not quite the refined quality of central and western France, although a charm is not missing when we search the modest landscape for it. But during this war of invasion Lorraine has become holy ground. Future generations will visit its battlefields with emotion in their beating hearts. He will be an insensible visitor who will not bow his head when he stands on the bridgehead of Gerbévillers, or whose eyes will not fill with tears as he approaches that Pompeii of Lorraine, Nomény, where the rage of the drunken Bavarians reached a pitch of fury unequaled elsewhere even in this abominable invasion. Nomény will, for generations to come, be preserved in memory as the Cawnpore of German blood-lust.

But there are happier sights in store for us, now that victory is accomplished. With what emotion shall we not visit the battlefields of 1916 around Verdun! There has been in modern history no more splendid episode than the recapture of the forts of Douaumont and of Vaux by the French. The German generals brought up their armies in waves, only to break in spray upon these shattering rocks. Nancy had burned their fingers; Belfort they unwillingly decided was too far off, too close under the Swiss frontier. How

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different, both to our inward and our outward vision, will the gray embattled city look when we see it again, all this misery being overpast! May Verdun then be an outpost no longer, but a fortress safe in the heart of France that stretches eastward beyond Metz and Strassburg.

We turn with peculiar feelings of distress and anxiety to the description of those towns and villages which have so long been under the cloud of tyranny. A fog of horror kept them hidden from our straining sight. What was happening in those martyred provinces of the northeast? What was life like in those rich mercantile cities — in Lille, in Douai, in Charleville, in Roubaix? We shuddered when there came over us a sense of the invisible terror of their captivity. Here, in the wealthiest section of industrial France, the Germans were holding Frenchmen and Frenchwomen as slaves, waging in their insolence an implacable war with the soul of the French nation. They rushed toward Paris, six years ago, hoping by one gigantic felon stroke to destroy all that the noble Western civilization had built up in the centuries. They dreamed of a rapid and final conquest of everything that makes France the splendor among the nations. They aimed what they believed would prove a deadly blow at the heart of intelligence, religion, industry, beauty, and gallantry. Treacherous as was the blow, and menacing in its sudden brutality, by the mercy of God it was warded off. The hordes that dashed down on Paris were swept back — back until they disappeared, as the enemies of France fled five hundred years ago before Joan of Arc at Patay.

Now, what better occupation can we English readers find than to make ourselves more and more completely acquainted with the landscape and the industries, the material wealth and the spiritual organization of our noble sister and Ally? France has been born again in anguish and anxiety; she will resume her station at the head of the nations, waving her sword, with a charming gesture, before she sheathes it — let us hope, for ever.

Her energy is not less than her sunlit hope, her ardent desire; and in the coming age all the countries of the world will gather round her in her serene and splendid courage. The ridiculous legend of the 'frivolity' of France has been silenced forever. To become better and better acquainted with the real nature of French character and the actual conditions of French soil is to realize more and more clearly the logical seriousness of this marvelous race. France will not have suffered in vain. If there was a moment when her glory seemed about to be swept away out of the joyous Provinces which she had held for so many centuries, that awful flash of time has only served to give steadiness to her eye and hand, and to secure us perfect confidence in her strength. The darkness is over, the dawn is at hand; the Angelus of victory is chanted in every happy commune of 'la douce France.'

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[*The New Witness*]

OLD KING COLE: A PARODY

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe,
He called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

After LORD TENNYSON.

COLE, that unwearied prince of Colchester,
Growing more gay with age and with long days
Deeper in laughter and desire of life,
As that Virginian climber on our walls
Flames scarlet with the fading of the year,
Called for his wassail and that other weed
Virginian also, from the western woods
Where English Raleigh checked the boasts of Spain,
And lighting joy with joy, and piling up
Pleasure as crown for pleasure, bade men bring
Those three, the minstrels whose emblazoned coats
Shone with the oyster-shells of Colchester;
And these three played, and playing grew more fain
Of mirth and music; till the heathen came,
And the King slept beside the northern sea.

After W. B. YEATS.

Of an old King in a story
From the gray sea-folk I have heard,
Whose heart was no more broken
Than the wings of a bird.

As soon as the moon was silver
And the thin stars began,
He took his pipe and his tankard,
Like an old peasant man.

And three tall shadows were with him
And came at his command;
And played before him for ever
The fiddles of fairyland.

And he died in the young summer
Of the world's desire;
Before our hearts were broken
Like sticks in a fire.

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After ROBERT BROWNING.

Who smoke-snorts toasts o' My Lady Nicotine
Kicks stuffing out of Pussyfoot, bids his trio
Stick up their Stradvarii (that's the plural
Or near enough, my fatheads; *nimium*
Vicina Cremonæ; that's a bit too near).
Is there some stockfish fails to understand?
Catch hold o' the notion, bellow and blurt back 'Cole'?
Must I bawl lessons from a horn-book, howl,
Cat-call, the cat-gut 'fiddles'? Fiddlesticks!

After WALT. WHITMAN.

Me clairvoyant,
Me conscious of you, old camerado,
Needing no telescope, lorgnette, field-glass, opera-glass, myopic pince-nez,
Me piercing two thousand years with eye naked and not ashamed;
The crown cannot hide you from me;
Musty old feudal-heraldic trappings cannot hide you from me,
I perceive that you drink
(I am drinking with you. I am as drunk as you are).
I see you are inhaling tobacco, puffing, smoking, spitting
(I do not object to your spitting),
You prophetic of American largeness,
You anticipating the broad masculine manners of These States;
I see in you also there are movements, tremors, tears, desire for the melodious,
I salute your three violinists, endlessly making vibrations,
Rigid, relentless, capable of going on for ever;
They play my accompaniment; but I shall take no notice of any accompaniment;
I myself am a complete orchestra.
So long.

After SWINBURNE.

In the time of old sin without sadness
And golden with wastage of gold
Like the gods that grow old in their gladness
Was the king that was glad, growing old:
And with sound of loud lyres from his palace
The voice of his oracles spoke,
And the lips that were red from his chalice
Were splendid with smoke.

When the weed was as flame for a token
And the vine was as blood for a sign;
And upheld in his hands and unbroken
The fountains of fire and of wine.
And a song without speech, without singer,
Stung the soul of a thousand in three
As the flesh of the earth has to sting her
The soul of the sea.

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[*The Outlook*]

QUOTATIONS

BY J. C. SQUIRE

Most dictionaries of quotations are large and fat volumes. Only gamekeepers have pockets large enough to hold them, and they, therefore, have the drawback that they can only (unless their contents be memorized) be used in the home or the office. This apparently has struck Mr. Norman MacMunn, who has brought out a *Companion Dictionary of Quotations*,* which is of handy size. I have wasted — but that is an offensive word — a good deal of time over it since my copy reached me. It is full of so many good things. All you have to do is to think of a subject, turn to its entry (the work is alphabetically arranged), and find the totally surprising or the terribly inevitable things the greatest of the world's philosophers and poets have said about it. Who, looking up 'Madness,' would expect to find the only quotation these lines from Dryden's *The Spanish Friar:*

> There is a pleasure
> In being mad which none but madmen know.

Many of the entries are like that, and where there is more than one they usually contradict each other. Take 'Failure.' You get Keats saying 'There is not a fiercer hell than the failure of a great object,' and George Eliot: 'The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best.' The sages are just like the populace which produces proverbs. You can justify any course of action with a proverb, and buttress it with advice from the august. This dictionary is, as it were, a picture of the mental confusion of man faced with the many-sidedness of truth. A weak-minded reader might be utterly demoralized by it. In a book like this, somehow, all voices seem to speak with equal authority and every proposition seems to have the same weight.

I like dictionaries of quotations. I have a taste for wisdom in a phrase, and any assembly of extracts from authors will hold me. I have been known to spend half a morning reading a calendar, one of those fat calendars from which it is such agony to tear off March 1 or March 2, because it means putting into the waste-paper basket or the fire that sentence of Bacon or Epictetus which struck one as being so true, so profound, so precisely what one has always thought oneself. I always read the 'Thoughts of the Day' in the *Westminster Gazette*, that elevating sentiment from Wordsworth or Mazzini, and nothing in the *Observer* pleases me more than that little cage of 'Sayings of the Week' in which the best things of our wits rub shoulders with the most alarming predictions of our geologists and eugenists. I have, in fact, a passion for scraps, and I can read a dictionary of quotations as easily as any work in the world. But I do not regard it as a dictionary, and I never gull myself into a belief that it is of the slightest practical utility to me. And I doubt if the greater part of any dictionary of quotations is useful to, or used by, anybody. There are remarkably few of us who ever think of quoting anything at all. Those who do almost invariably use hack quotations. And nobody would dare to quote, even in print, even in an anonymous leading article, most of the apt allusions given by the — I'm sorry — quotational lexicographers.

These dictionaries are used by journalists to verify quotations they know already, quotations the use of which

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is almost a matter of sacred ritual on certain occasions. Somebody dies. It occurs to an obituarist that once again a man has died, upon whose like, take him for all in all, we shall not look again. He does n't want to risk misquotations and he starts a hunt, usually prolonged, through the dictionaries, ultimately running his quarry down under a heading where it has been least expected. Or 'The child is father of the man' comes in an author's head, and he can't remember whether it was Mark Twain or Tennyson who wrote the sentence, or has a vague idea that there were other words after those which would also be worth quoting. A reference to Dr. Brewer and Mr. MacMunn will put him straight. But don't tell me that there are many people who habitually, when writing articles or letters, look up the 'subject' in a dictionary and use whatever quotation comes to hand. All Mr. MacMunn's quotations are interesting, but I cannot conceive occasions on which I shall dare use any but a few of them. Imagine the sensation which would be made if, when the fact of somebody being away was mentioned in conversation I remembered my MacMunn and poignantly delivered myself of:

> Absence! is not the soul torn by it
> From more than light, or life, or breath?
> 'Tis Lethe's gloom, but not its quiet —
> The pain without the peace of death.

And if I could not use it in conversation I am sure that I could not in correspondence. There are times and seasons when I am sure that I should find a perfect expression of my feelings in another sentence from Mr. MacMunn's first page, the sentence from Sadi's *Gulistan:*

> If the man of sense is coarsely treated by the vulgar, let it not excite our wrath and indignation; if a piece of worthless stone can bruise a cup of gold, its worth is not increased, nor that of the gold diminished.

When, I ask, accurate though it is, am I to use this observation of the sagacious Oriental? In what controversy? At the foot of what retort? It can't be done. And if I, a professional *litterateur*, with incorrigible leanings to the bookish, the flowery, the high-falutin, should find my tongue cleaving to the roof of my mouth when I had got as far as 'If the man of sense,' what would be the feelings of the less specialist person, though he might have learned his MacMunn by heart? Our optimistic compiler thinks he may be of assistance to school children, and 'to the busy man or woman who occasionally may wish to use appropriate quotations.' But what would one think of a grocer who should apologize for the sugar shortage with 'The sweetest meats the soonest cloy,' or a housemaid who should demurely shield off a rebuke with:

> Be to her faults a little blind
> And to her virtues very kind.

Lawyers are referred to as among those who are to be assisted. It is true that Sir E. Marshall Hall and others have a remarkable gift for bringing in Shakespeare. But even Sir Edward would scarcely have described his late client's sufferings in the words of Shakespeare that Mr. MacMunn gives under the heading 'Tears':

> The big round tears
> Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
> In piteous chase.

Who would dare quote this? When? Where?

The range of possible quotation, except in meditative essays, is rare. And perhaps it is just as well. If everybody indulged in free quotation and used a dictionary as a crutch, all the best things that ever were said would be as stale as 'To be or not to be,'

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and we should be utterly cloyed and sickened with the names of the Great Dead. I have never met an inveterate quoter, a really devotee of these dictionaries. He would be more amusing as a character in fiction than as a companion in life. . . . My eye catches another quotation. It is from Gœthe, and runs: 'Can it be maintained that a man thinks only when he cannot think out of that which he is thinking.' I cannot go on after that. I shall ring for a wet towel and settle down to it.

[*The Spectator*]

ON GETTING OUT OF TOUCH WITH ONE'S WORLD

It is, we suppose, some far-off derivative of the group instinct which makes it so painful to 'fall out of things.' We hate to feel that our particular associates can do without us, that we no longer count among the initiated; we hate to take our place with the strangers who require explanations and are no longer consulted, however kindly the explanations may be given.

A man whose income is halved at one financial blow is a strong man indeed if he is not knocked down by his misfortune, if he suffers no more than a physical or nervous upset. Unimaginative people, if they have never had more than a tenth of his income, often reflect rather pleasantly upon the worldliness and love of luxury which have rendered him downcast. They are perfectly happy, they say to themselves, and so might he be if he were a little less proud and earthy. Standing close to what we may call the central hearth of their own group, they laugh at a man who has fallen out of another. It seems very wrong that a loss of money should cut a man off from his friends; and, indeed, in the true sense of friendship it does not do so. The luckiest of us, however, have few friends in the strictest sense of the word. Three outside of one's own family is a common computation, and it would surely be difficult to find a man or a woman who has half a dozen.

One may not actually lose one's friends and yet feel very sadly out of it. It is not that a man's former associates cold-shoulder him because he is poor; it is simply that he no longer lives the same life, follows the same pursuits, or thinks, so far as money is concerned, upon the same scale that they do. In a sense he is an accidental exile. He no longer lives, metaphorically speaking, in the same place, and in the nature of things he is forgotten, or, to be more correct, he becomes a pleasant recollection occasionally revived by the sight of his corporeal presence at a distance.

An Englishman who through loss of money falls out of things may be said never to get back. In America one hears that this is not the case. Americans, especially American women, often appear to be very worldly, but it is certain that they take loss of fortune in better part than we do and are far less discouraged by it. It is no doubt largely a case of 'light come, light go,' but there is something very admirable about the sight of a middle-aged American getting up after he has 'fallen out of it' and determining to be 'in it' again.

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Loss of money, however, is not the only thing which leads people away from the warm centre of their former environment. Any very unpopular opinion which a man cannot keep to himself will lead to his falling out, or perhaps even to his being thrown out of his group. If he can stand ridicule he may possibly preserve his place; if not, he must leave it. There is nothing much sadder than to see a man drifting further and further away from his companions in company with some adored theory or fancy or conviction which he not only will not let go, but will force upon the notice of every one whom he meets. He becomes the subject of a kind of unconscious persecution; and whether it is his conscience or his vanity which has thrown him outside of his world, the result is the same. As a rule he becomes a fanatic, and is spoken of by his former friends either contemptuously or affectionately as 'Poor so-and-so.'

Excessive industry is another peculiarity which leads straight to exile. If a man has no leisure to bestow upon anyone, and none, as it were, to throw away, the tacit trade union of his acquaintance will turn him out. His constant occupation with his avocations is a sort of reproach. There is something didactic in the rare companionship of a man who almost never relaxes. Those who live for their work and for nothing else are almost always proud of the fact, and it is one of the most disagreeable forms of pride. Too hard work, too long hours, too great a devotion to output, is a penal offense in almost every society. The offender will feel his punishment if ever he comes to retire. He will suddenly realize that he has fallen out of things, that with his work his social life has ended. Many strenuous people realize this, and dare no more stop than they dare committ suicide. They had rather watch the deterioration of their own powers, rather spoil the prospects of a younger man, rather see their own job for which they have lived badly done, than accept what might cynically be called the punishment of their good deeds, and 'settle down' in the place they have made for themselves, that wretched place known as 'out of it.'

Extremes meet, and there is an innate laziness which is quite as likely to float us into a backwater as feverish industry. A great many men and women are endowed with a moral forc which enables them to make almost any exertion which duty demands of them and no more. They will not take the slightest unnecessary trouble. They are as a rule excellent people, and they are not unnaturally inclined to think that the world treats them badly. They will go out of their way to do a good turn to anyone who is in need, but they will not move a finger to amuse him or give him pleasure; neither will they exert themselves to get amusement or pleasure for themselves. They suffer from a form of mental inertia. They cannot realize that those who would not drift outside the charmed circle must exert themselves to keep within it. Often they become very bitter, these lazy folks. All the interest of life, they say, falls to the lot of pushing, bustling persons, who get everything for themselves. If you do not push and shoulder your way you are left behind, they complain; and that though you have never turned your back on a friend in trouble. They forget how often they have turned it on a friend in luck. They have condoled with their world; they have not congratulated it. They have been too lazy to attend the feasts of life, and the feasters have forgotten them. People who will do nothing but rest in their leisure will be left *plantés là*, and all the fun of the fair will go on too far off for

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them to see it. They are such good sorts, these mentally inert people, that it is a pity they should not all come together and form a world of their own; a dull world it would be, but better than loneliness.

Perhaps the complaint, 'We have somehow fallen out of it,' was never so general as it is to-day. In some sense we have all been away and come back strangers. During the war almost every social circle was broken up. Great causes and small causes have left almost all the groups, all the mental and spiritual townships, as it were, more or less in ruins. The fires of society, in the lighter sense of the word, are out. If we are not in the great movement, in the world where reputations are made and everybody is conspicuous, we are apt to feel as if we were in no world at all. It is a state of things which cannot last. We are not only social, we are parochial animals; we sigh in the midst of a general sense of disintegration and dream of some new and delightful feudal system which, without tyranny and without such great diversity of fortunes as the term usually implies, should assign to us all a place somewhere in some system so that the average man and woman can once more be part of a whole, a cog in a well-defined little wheel within a wheel. The machinery of social life is all clattering and out of gear, and most people would rather it were set going again anyhow than nohow.

[*L'Echo de Paris*]

THE SLEEP OF THE JUST

BY GILBERT BLAISE

'But listen, my dear sir, I come directly from the Mélèzes mountains, I have forty-five kilometres in my legs, and your inn is the only one anywhere about; you are surely not going to send me out to sleep in the snow under the pretext that you have no room?'

'But, monsieur,' answered M. Gargousse, 'my *Hotel du Chapeau de Paille* is not an inn; moreover, as I have already told you a hundred times, I have let my last room, and the only thing left for you is the barn.'

'Ah no! not the barn. I hate stable smells. Come now, have n't you a billiard table? Put a mattress and some blankets on it and I will get along well enough.'

'No, monsieur, I have n't a billiard table, but I have a player piano. . . .'

It was at this point that M. Hirouic, who had been listening carefully to the conversation, approached the two speakers.

'Monsieur,' said he to the traveler, 'I am the fortunate tourist to whom the last room has been let. I myself have traveled a rather difficult road, and judging by my own weariness, you must need rest as much as I do. Will you in all frankness share my quarters with me? I offer them to you with good will.'

'Really, I am confused; confused and grateful, but shall I not be a nuisance to you?'

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'Monsieur, on that subject it is enough to say that I am Léon Hirouic, of the Philanthropic League of Paules-Bains.'

. . . . . .

At the foot of an obscure and sordid corridor, M. Gargousse, candle in hand, opened the door and said in a sombre voice:

'There it is.'

M. Hirouic and his companion entered. The room was tiny, dirty, and fearfully cold. A stuffy odor floated therein.

'The bed is not very large,' said M. Gargousse, 'but you will have to get on just the same, both of you.'

Although the narrowness of the bed disturbed M. Hirouic he did not wish to deny his *beau geste*, and he exclaimed with good humor:

'Why, we shall sleep in it like pashas,' and he rubbed his hands together as much to warm them as to manifest the serenity of his soul.

'And now, monsieur,' said he, 'monsieur ——'

'Yes, I forgot that I have n't told you my name. Please excuse my forgetfulness. I am Luc-Marc-Roch Affre de Maffre, de Bagnères.'

'Charmed,' answered the philosopher amiably. 'By the way, have you had dinner yet? I advise you to go down and have something. While you are below I will go to bed.'

'A wise counsel, for I am dying of hunger. I shall try not to wake you on my return. At any rate I shall not be long.'

At the end of an hour M. Hirouic suddenly sat up, interrupted in his dream. Shivering and shaking M. de Maffre appeared, ready for the night.

'Ha! Ha! Ha!' he laughed, gesticulating, 'I'm cold, I'm cold, br-r-r!'

Jumping into the bed, he tossed the blankets briskly back, freezing as he did so the unfortunate M. Hirouic. Then he stretched out and extinguished the candle. M. Hirouic groaned and shivered. M. de Maffre had introduced with him an Arctic atmosphere.

'Ah, how good and warm it is! M. Hirouic, you are indeed my benefactor. Do not protest, my benefactor! How warm and comfortable it is here!' As he spoke he shoved M. Hirouic to the very edge and punched the entire pillow under his own head.

'How warm it is! Ah, dear monsieur, we are going to sleep the sleep of the just.'

M. Hirouic, in whose heart a tiny spark of rancor was awaking, held on with all his force to the little stretch of blanket which he seized, and in spite of the glacial presence of M. de Maffre managed to lie quiet. His companion had already managed this, and was completely at ease, with his nose in the air, breathing heavily. Little by little the breathing took on a sonorous rhythm. An intermittent roll escaped from his jaws, a roll which gradually became a thunder. M. Hirouic, thoroughly awakened, sat up again:

'Ah, indeed!' he thought, 'now he is going to snore.' But he managed to put aside any so calamitous a notion, and looked forward with hope to a prompt sleep. But the thunder grew and grew and reverberated from the four corners of the tiny room.

In an explosion of rage M. Hirouic sat up still another time and cried out aloud:

'But, monsieur, you are preventing me from going to sleep! It is intolerable! And see, I am sleepy!'

The concert died away; little by little the thunder became a trombone. Reassured, M. Hirouic stretched out again. Alas! With added vigor the noise presently began once more. This time directly into M. Hirouic's very ear. At length the poor man in despair made use of the ancestral protection.

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He began to whistle. He whistled for a long while; twenty minutes perhaps, till a cramp seized his lips and the hollow of his cheeks. He whistled with intensity. He whistled as he would have screamed, cried, or roared. But it did no good. The thunder remained sonorous, rhythmic, and resolved. Tears gathered in M. Hirouic's eyes, in those poor eyes swollen with a desire to go to sleep. He lit the candle and consulted his watch. It was midnight.

'Midnight; it is dreadful! And he sleeps; he snores,' and M. Hirouic contemplated with poisonous hatred the calm, sleeping face of M. de Maffre.

M. Hirouic had quite forgotten his philosophy. With a Red Indian joy he pinched the arm of his adversary.

'Aie. . . Bah! Bah! Bah! . . .'

M. de Maffre shook in his sleep, turned over, and fell asleep again, laughing a silly laugh. M. Hirouic blew out the candle, and covered himself up again. 'Now,' thought he, 'he will be quiet. I have mastered him, and I can get to sleep.'

A vain hope. At the end of a short instant the snoring began again and gradually grew to the same volume of sound it had reached before. M. Hirouic trembled with cold and anger. Finally, full of fury he began to whistle again.

Then another idea seized upon him; he began to think himself a martyr of fraternity. He lifted the curtains of the windows and looked out into the moonlight and the fog by the mountains.

'Yes, there is beauty in that,' he murmured, trying hard to comfort himself.

Then he opened the window, but a steely cold blew upon him and he closed it precipitously. This material contact had blown away all his poetry. Another surge of revolt swept over him. The snoring had not diminished, and the only possible way of stopping it seemed to lie in the extermination of M. de Maffre. Freezing from head to foot, M. Hirouic fell into the only chair in the room, rolled himself up in a traveling rug, seized nervously a greasy newspaper lying on the table, and tried to read. But the words ran together under his eyes. He then crossed his arms and glared at the sleeping figure. The snoring, he decided, had died down a little. Entirely done up, he lowered his head and fell asleep in the chair.

On the following morning, about seven o'clock, the daylight awoke him, astounded to find himself very cramped and frozen. He rose from his chair and approached the bed. M. de Maffre, stretched out comfortably and blessedly, was still asleep. M. Hirouic gazed upon him and sought to still an angry desire to shake him. Presently M. de Maffre opened his satisfied eyes. A sarcastic glare covered the face of M. Hirouic, and he said with sharpness:

'I suppose, monsieur, that you have slept very well?'

'Peuh,' answered the other, 'only so so.'

M. Hirouic closed his fist indignantly:

'What do you mean, only so so?'

'Well, my dear sir,' replied M. de Maffre, 'you have a habit which is rather unpleasant for those who share your quarters. Do you know that you whistle while you sleep?'

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[*The Manchester Guardian*]

ENGLAND AND FRANCE AT THE THEATRE

BY PHILIP CARR

WHY do we go? Most of us would be puzzled to answer. To be amused, says the man who declares that there is enough misery in real life without being made wretched in the theatre, and will then spend a thoroughly happy evening at a melodrama full of tears and murders, without being willing to miss a single pang or a single tear. To be educated, says the earnest student, who falls asleep when the play becomes educational instead of dramatic, to wake up suddenly, as I remember an aunt of my own once doing, and murmur, 'Yes, my dear, very interesting, very unusual.' To get away from ourselves, says another, perhaps nearer to the truth, who, if he gropes still further, may guess that it is not ourselves that we want to lose but rather our real selves that we want to find, when we pass to that serene atmosphere which allows us to look at life without hurting or being hurt by it. This æsthetic self-analysis should lead to a wider conclusion. Whatever the opinions of the individual as to his motives, he becomes a singularly docile creature when once he has taken his seat and become part of an audience.

Every actor knows that 'the house' is not many persons but one personality, and even that superior being, the dramatic critic, only really begins to exercise his critical faculty when the curtain has fallen and he is released from the spell. Not only so, but the same critic, be he never so able and never so sincere, will be hard put to it to form an opinion of a play at a rehearsal where there is no audience — that same play of whose qualities he will be so sure, even against the popular verdict, when once he has sat through a public performance. Nor is the audience the same personality every night. Different audiences will take up different points. One night the house will be dead, another responsive. It takes few people to make an audience. It is difficult to say how few, but they must be people of varying sympathies, and if this condition is present the minimum can be reduced. Even the T.R. back drawing room becomes an audience when once the cook and the housemaid are in the back seats, but hardly till then.

Many audiences make up the theatrical public; and the respect in which this public varies in different countries, and even in different towns, does not entirely depend on diversity of local or national characters. The public in London is composed of a different distribution of social classes, and educational levels from that of Manchester. 'Society' goes comparatively little to the theatre. It is chiefly occupied in inviting itself to dinner. The stalls are paid for by people from the hotels and filled up by the friends of the management. As for the upper circle and the pit, where you find the real theatre-goers, a surprisingly large proportion of their occupants is Jewish. Most Jews have artistic sympathies, and all love the theatre. A census taken during a successful run at a London theatre some years ago showed, first, that the

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strength of the support came from those districts which are mainly inhabited by Jews, and, second, that a successful play is made, not by many people going once, but by a comparatively limited number of people going many times. The London theatrical public is not really a large one.

When once you cross the Channel the difference is greater still. In England the theatre-goers are not really representative of the nation. There are still some classes who never go at all. Moreover, very few take the theatre seriously, even of those who are capable of taking their artistic pleasures seriously when they read a book or hear music or see pictures. In Germany and France the theatre is fully accepted as an art. It is unnecessary to insist on the character of the regular public which is served and created by the repertory and cheap subscription systems in the state and municipal theatres. The children who attend the classical matinées at the Comédie Française and the Odéon as part of their education and the bourgeois who follow the classical subscription evenings in family parties are a sufficient evidence of a different attitude toward the theatre from our own. But there is a more subtle difference than this, at least in the Latin countries. The Latin seeks rather conscious art than illusion in the theatre. It does not shock an Italian, for instance, that a character should pass out of a door, in the middle of a scene, and at once come back again to bow his acknowledgments to a round of applause; and if that convention is not quite accepted in Paris, some of its spirit is there all the same. There is a more conscious relation between the actor and the spectator. Scenery, drilled exactitude of stage management, details of accessories and costume count for much less. Even facial 'make-up' still preserves some of the studied unreality of Pierrot and the Comédie Italienne. On the other hand, precision and subtlety of elocution, delicacy of expression and gesture count for much more. Indeed, the words are more than the general picture, and a French audience will stand more talk around a situation, and at a pace of more words to the minute, than an English — or at least than an English theatrical manager.

The corporate personality of a French audience is also affected by the far more familiar relation between its individuals than is possible in England. There is a family-party air. All French theatres are hot and overcrowded, but the Frenchman likes it. He is uncomfortable in a theatre with widely-spaced seats and no 'strapontins.' The way the play is received has also a familiar note. You will often hear audible comments — comments addressed to no one in particular, but obviously intended to be heard by the speakers' neighbors. And these comments are never of the kind which escape the Lyceum playgoer who is carried away by his detestation of the villain, but are rather appreciative or critical. They express a conscious pleasure in a conscious make-believe.

In one respect the public of every modern country is like that of every other. In no theatre since the Greeks has the taste been really controlled by men. In the theatre of to-day it is women who decide what plays we shall go to see. It is for women that the playwright is half-consciously or quite deliberately setting his sails. But this feminine control varies in degree. It is greater in London than in Paris. Dare one ask whether that is why so few men in London take the theatre seriously? Certainly one may say that there is no theatre where the performance is devised to appeal to men. No, after all, there is one — the Gaiety.

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OUR PREHISTORIC INSTINCTS

BY O. G. S. CRAWFORD

In one of his essays the late Professor William James hints at the existence in us of deep, untapped wells of consciousness, which are dormant through the greater portions of our lives. These wells lie deeper than ordinary intelligence. They are on the level of mere sensory perceptions and reactions.

It is very fascinating to meditate upon these profundities of human nature, those moments of irrational but intense joy which everyone experiences at one time or another. It is difficult to record these memories on paper without tearing off the veil of magic which is half their charm; they are apt to lose their beauty and fade away if dragged ruthlessly up into the strong light of consciousness. They belong to the twilight of our past, and it is the poet who should undertake the revelation of their secrets. But they are, I think, more commonly awakened than is generally supposed, and by attempting to lay hands on their protean manifestations, one may perhaps arouse responsive echoes in many minds.

I believe that a great many of the pleasures which we derive from communing in solitude with Nature have their roots in the remote past, when man lived in far closer contact with her than he does to-day. Think for a moment of the time-aspect of man's life upon earth. Think of the countless ages during which he lived in caves or roamed the prairies as a hunter, and of the still earlier days when he lived in the branches of the forest — and then compare their duration with the short period of his life in towns and villages. Looked at in this way even agriculture seems a modern invention. The imagination cannot grasp the idea of millennia; they are too disproportionate to the span of individual existence. But suppose that man's life upon the earth — the total period, say, from the Pithecanthropus of Java till to-day — be represented by a year, then agriculture will only have been discovered at the beginning of the last week, and civilized life with written history on the last day but one of the year. Is it to be wondered, then, that the so recently acquired habits of civilized society have but a slight hold on us, or that the others, acquired during the remaining fifty-one weeks, should sometimes break through this thin crust? Perhaps they are not, after all, so deeply buried as they seem.

To each one of us these momentary glimpses of the past may have come at one time or another — slumbering race-memories awakened by a touch of nature. In such matters one can speak with authority of one's own perceptions only, of those of others only by the light of sympathetic insight. The method of introspective reminiscence is best.

I remember once feeling myself reverting under the spell of this mysterious awakening. I had gone by myself to spend a few days trekking over the hills at the back of the island of Gran Canaria. The region was remote and inaccessible by road, and I was landed on a deserted shore by a boat from a

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coasting-vessel. It was like setting foot on a new world, a world bathed in the glorious sunshine of the Islands of the Blessed, and fragrant with the smell of flowering shrubs. I started out on my journey to the hills across a narrow, sandy, coastal plain dotted with weird cacti. I soon reached the entrance of a steep ravine, at the bottom of which among large, smooth boulders a small stream trickled. The day was hot and I undressed and bathed in one of the deep pools of clear, cool water. Afterward, moved by a vague desire, I climbed up and sat drying in the sun at the mouth of a cave. I cannot now recall in all their vividness the impressions which I then felt; it was as if all other existence were unreal, and as if I had always been sitting there naked in the mouth of the cave, looking serenely down upon the pool and the boulders and the tall grass. I felt as if my other life had been a dream and I had at last awakened to the reality of existence. The silly garments of convention had fallen from me and left me face to face with that which always had been from the beginning. This, I felt, is what life is for — to sit in the mouth of one's cave, watchful, alert, with thought in suspense, but with a deep peace enfolding one's whole being. Everything seemed strangely familiar, as if it had all been 'lost long since and found again.'

As the shadows lengthened and twilight came on, I felt a kind of melancholy, akin to fear but different from it. I left the cave and arranged myself for sleep on one of the large, flat rocks in the bed of the stream, in which it formed a tiny island. It was an eerie feeling, to lie there and look up at the great sides of the ravine towering precipitously a thousand feet above me; to feel the darkness approaching with silent tread, the stillness unbroken save by the occasional cry of an eagle or night bird hovering overhead, or by the awakening of the bullfrogs' guttural chorus. Presently I fell into a dog-like sleep, my senses half alert and sensitive to each of the subdued murmurs around, the rustlings of quiet, nocturnal creatures going about their business. The spell was broken by the approach of daylight and the babel of voices which heralded the sunrise.

With the dawn, too, all traces of sadness vanished, being succeeded by the desire of physical exertion. I clambered up the rocky slopes of the ravine, which became almost precipitous toward the top. That, however, once gained, a feeling of satisfaction supervened, mingled with triumph and elation at having accomplished a difficult task. Though I was hardly aware of it at the time, it was partly a curiosity to look over the edges of the ravine on to the hidden uplands beyond that had drawn me on. Partly curiosity; partly also, perhaps, that increasing sense of security that comes with the achievement of each stage in an upward climb.

My curiosity was richly rewarded by the prospect which opened out before me; here was an entirely different landscape from that which I had left behind, as different and as captivating as that which Jack found at the top of the beanstalk. The ground sloped gradually away, its smooth, rocky surface covered with small shrubs, all ablaze with sweet-scented blossom. The air was laden with their delicious odor, and as a fitting accompaniment could be heard the tinklings of the bells of sheep and goats. Not far off I descried a cave in the side of a low bluff, and a man standing on the rocky platform at its mouth. He had evidently seen me first, and was looking in my direction, shading his eyes with one hand. I made toward

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him, for I was thirsty after the climb. I found that he lived in the cave, where he had a great store of cheese and fresh milk, and after a short chat I went on my way refreshed.

This hospitable shepherd was living the life of Sicilian Polyphemus whom Odysseus found surrounded by the flocks and herds whose milk and cheese he stored away in the dim recesses of his cave. It is a pleasant life; and were I to live again I am not sure I should not choose to spend my days tending sheep and goats upon a mountain-side, returning at night to the shelter of a cave. In that way man lived for ages, first as a hunter and later as a shepherd. Round the shores of the Mediterranean the survivors of an older order probably continued to live in caves in the hills for a long time after stone-built houses had been inhabited by the plain-dwellers. What more comfortable home could an upland shepherd wish for? It was these older, half-savage cave-dwellers whose memory still survived in the time of Homer and gave rise to the legends of fierce Cyclopes, outside the pale of civilized society — outlaws who defied Zeus and the gods of agriculture. Indeed, it would be strange if a custom once so universal as cave-dwelling had not survived in legend. Perhaps the tales of *vestigia nulla retrorsum* may be a faint echo of that older stone age when it was risky to enter a cave — even your own — without first making sure that a beast of prey was not lurking within. Perhaps, too, that instinctive dread of entering a cave, which we still feel, is a survival — or a reawakening — of an ancient self-protective instinct engrained by centuries of habit. Hence too, perhaps, that thrill of intense terror when we think we detect signs of movement in the dark interior or imagine a crouching body there; hence the disposition to such imaginings, and the unreasonable joy of coming out again into the dazzling light of day.

From what source was derived my pleasure in sitting in the mouth of the cave and looking out over the valley? Was it not from the gratification of a buried instinct — inherited from distant ages when the cave stood for home and safety after the perils of the chase, when it was the ultimate goal of the laden hunter whose return to it signified the safe achievement of his purpose? And the sadness of evening — what is that but the vague apprehension of danger felt by primitive man at the approach of night, when savage beasts of prey begin to prowl around and when his keen sight is rendered useless? During the hours of darkness he knows that he will not be able to spot his enemy from afar and take hidden aim, but must listen and wait until he comes within striking distance. He survives, like all natural things, by the keenness of his senses, and at night he will be deprived of that one on which as a man he most relies. Hence his growing uneasiness at every sunset; the tension of the nerves at night; and the relief brought by dawn, which finds its expression in the release of muscular energy.

There is a strange form of malady known as *claustrophobia*, in which the sufferer has a horror of being confined in rooms or houses, and is satisfied only when he is in the open air. I suspect that this is an exaggeration of the feeling latent in everyone — the horror of tunnels and the fear of being crushed by the collapse of superincumbent matter. Twice in my life I have felt this horror acutely. The first time was when I was a small child playing in the nursery and got into a large trunk and pulled the lid down. It locked itself with a click, and all

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my efforts to raise it were in vain. I was released by my nurse in an agony of fear. The second time was in France at the beginning of the war. The company to which I belonged was going into the line at Givenchy, and to reach the firing-trench it was necessary to crawl by night along a narrow trench covered with timber roofing. This roof was only about three feet above the flooring, and we had to make our way along the loathsome burrow fully equipped with overcoats and rifles, our packs slung kangaroo-fashion beneath us. It was about seventy yards along, and there were constant delays. To the natural tension which always exists in the vicinity of the front line was added this horror as well; and over all was spread the cloak of black darkness, fostering the vague fear of formless perils. Our very numbers — for we were packed closely together — were a source of misgiving, for all the component materials of panic fear were present potentially. I had to call up all my powers of self-control to avoid an abject collapse. It was only by consciously and continually evoking the habit of discipline acquired by our short military training that we were able to behave as reasonable human beings. Afterwards I compared notes with the man who had been next to me all through that dreadful progress. He admitted having experienced precisely the same feelings. Most of us had also felt them, but some less acutely than others.

This tunnel episode is an instance of the cumulative effect of three different instincts simultaneously impinging — the fear of caves and darkness, and panic fear. The fear of caves goes back, I think, to the period of open prairie life which actually preceded the cave period. When living on the prairies, man felt safe only so long as he could see all around him, his outlook unimpended in every direction. Caves were the lairs of wild beasts and therefore to be shunned. But this explanation is complicated by the fact that men *did* later on come to enter and inhabit caves. There can, however, be little doubt that extreme caution must still have been necessary, for we know that beasts of prey also lived in them contemporaneously. There would therefore survive a habit of careful investigation before entry, prompted by an instinct of punctilious curiosity which would only be satisfied by this exhaustive preliminary examination of dark nooks and crannies. It is the same instinct which still warns a dog to take nothing on trust when entering a room for the first time, but to carry out a minute inspection under tables and sofas. There was also ever present in the thoughts of cave-man the danger of large boulders becoming detached from the roof and crushing him in their fall. Such disasters did actually occur sometimes; they must often have been imminent like the sword of Damocles. I trace this fear of caves and tunnels, then, to prairie times, and regard the cave-dwelling stage as one which gave definite living shape to an already existing but formless dread. The traveler in the first-class carriage may shudder as he sees the slums of London roll past the window, but he would shudder still more had he once been obliged to live in them.

Primitive man is an animal that lives and works by day. His habits are not nocturnal, and he seldom by choice goes forth from his lair during the hours of darkness. This love of daylight, and the corresponding aversion to darkness, is probably due to the great reliance he places upon sight; but, of course, the order of causation may have been reversed. We do not, however, find it in dogs, which rely on ear and nose. However this may be,

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there can be no doubt about the existence of an instinctive dislike of darkness in all of us to-day. This dislike is the pale survivor of a very real and acute instinct of fear innate in us, which dominates our childhood with all the vigor of its original force.

We can all call to mind instances of this fear in our own lives — the bears which lurked on the stairs ready to pounce on us as we were being taken off to bed; the hidden perils of the nursery at night, scattered by the light of a candle; the many potential lairs of wild beasts in cupboards, behind screenes, and worst of all, under one's own cot! These imagined perils were exceedingly real, as I can testify myself. They exerted a profound influence over one's whole childish outlook. They do not altogether vanish with maturity. True, we no longer look beneath our beds each night for tigers, but do not some old ladies look there for burglars? Is not their fear a transformation of the primitive tiger bogey of the nursery and the prehistoric cave?

Again, why is it that we instinctively whisper and talk in subdued tones in the dark? Why do we tread on tiptoe in the passages? Is it for fear of rousing the rest of the household? I doubt it; for I have often felt the same impulse to a noiseless behavior when walking alone at night along a road or gravel footpath. I have felt it by day when exploring uninhabited houses or trespassing in forbidden woodlands. One may try to explain away this latter instance by saying that it is a fear of attracting the attention of the gamekeeper; but my own experiences (and they are numerous) convince me that all these attempted explanations are secondary, and that they are invented to account for behavior dictated by an innate and now irrational instinct. We behave noiselessly at night because it was once necessary to do so in our own interests; it was necessary then in order to conceal one's self or one's designs from enemies. Noise or indiscreet movement will betray one's hiding place or give timely warning to the quarry. (This latter aspect, however, is probably unimportant, for man hunted mainly by day. Moreover, the instinct is to-day closely associated with fear, which is not the emotion of the hunter but of the hunted; and darkness, which reveals man's infirmity, brings with it the daylight quarry's opportunity.)

Closely allied with this tiptoe instinct of noiselessness is that of flight. We may feel an unreasonable impulse toward flight at any time, in battle or in any other emergency. There its self-protective value is obvious and still potent; but the instinct is not a survival, for it is still serviceable, and a survival is by definition that which has outlived its use. We feel the instinct, however, on many occasions when there is now no reasonable ground for reacting to it, as when on a lonely walk one is being gradually overtaken by someone else. On such occasions I have often felt an insane desire to run away, to avoid being overtaken at all costs. The instinct, repressed in one direction, often finds other equally absurd outlets. For instance, I have often caught myself laying a wager that I shall not be overtaken by the man or cart or bicycle until I have reached a certain point ahead. At night this fear of being overtaken may suggest concealment until the 'danger' has passed. This instinct is well described by Coleridge in *The Ancient Mariner:*

> Like one that on a lonesome road
> Doth walk in fear and dread,
> And having once turned round, walks on,
> And turns no more his head;
> Because he knows a frightful fiend
> Doth close behind him tread.

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Everyone knows how in a race a man or a crew may be spurred on to fresh efforts by a rival or a pacer. Personally, I always dislike anyone walking behind me, and I attribute this quite unreasonable aversion to the survival in me of an ancient instinct of fear-prompting-flight acquired by man in his early days.

We see then that a great many of our actions may be accounted for by the survival of instincts which once had survival-value but have outlived their day. They may be referred to prehistoric times in general or to its special aspects and periods, such as that during which men lived for the most part in caves. But before the cave period came the prairie period, with the conclusion of which we are familiar, for to it belong the river-drift implements of the old Stone Age. It would be strange if prairie life had not left many traces in the form of instincts peculiar to this stage of man's evolution.

A story is told of a certain famous big game hunter, who one day went out into the bush alone with his gun, to look for game. In the excitement of stalking he forgot to keep track of his movements, and to his horror he discovered that he was lost. His caravan, he knew, must have started trekking according to his own instructions before setting out, and would not worry about him till the evening, as he often went on some distance ahead of them. He realized that his position was as bad as it could well be; and he relates that at no other moment of his adventurous career did he feel so overwhelmed with helpless terror. The man who could confront wild beasts without dismay was knocked in a heap by the sense of being lost in the bush.

This dominating power of the instinct of fear was due, I think, to the neglect of another, peculiar to that very hunter's life, to which he was then reverting — the instinct which we call a 'sense of direction.' The primitive hunter, roaming far afield over the flat featureless prairie, or in the tangled maze of bush country, is in constant danger of being lost. Now, to be lost in such country is to run a very great risk of death — from starvation or thirst, or from wild beasts at night, or from the exhaustion which must ensue from sleepless vigilance. For this reason the sense of place, and in particular the power to find your way back home, is very strongly developed instinctively in all roving animals as well as man. It works, I think, through the subconscious record of the sense-impressions, received by the animal, of the main features of the surrounding landscape, and of their position relative to each other and to itself. As it survives in ourselves we call it a 'sense of direction'; but it is also a sense of position, of one's own position relative to the landscape, and in particular to one's starting-point. That it works mainly through subconscious memory is proved, I think, by the difficulty, if not impossibility, of retaining one's sense of direction underground, or in a wood where all the trees appear alike — to the stranger. I have often tried to keep my bearings while traveling on the London Tube Railways, and I have never yet succeeded, not even by dint of conscious effort.

But to return to the prairie. Big game hunting is in itself an instance of the existence in us of a prehistoric instinct which survives but is not directly utilitarian. It is a reversion to a more primitive state, to the life of the Stone Age hunter. How far these reversions are normal and healthy is another question. That they are so, if moderately indulged, is beyond doubt; for they bring the note of reality into our artificial, instinct-killing city lives; they bring us into con-

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tact with nature; they cleanse all the muddy channels of our being.

The joy of the open prairie is not always marred by the crack of the rifle. It may be refined away into the higher realms of æsthetic pleasure. The vast, rolling plains, the hummocky desert, the dense bush or park-like savannah, all satisfy some hidden craving; some landscapes appeal more strongly to one man than another. Indeed, it is an interesting question how far the æsthetic appeal of natural beauty is due to its function in filling the void created by civilization, especially by a city life. It is notorious that the people who live in beautiful surroundings do not usually appreciate their beauty until they leave them. We civilized folk have long abandoned the unrestricted intercourse with Nature which formed the daily life of our prehistoric ancestors; and our æsthetic longing may be but a form of racial home-sickness. We all of us feel 'the call of the wild,' and answer it according to our individual natures. In America, where the artificial life has been fully developed into an elaborate, mechanical, lifeless system, it is noticeable that a short annual reversion is becoming very popular. The harassed student and city clerk go a-camping each summer and live for a time the life of a Red Indian. In Europe, the summer caravan — a form of gypsy life in the open — is coming into fashion. Even those who cannot spare time or money for such long excursions go picknicking, blackberrying, nutting, hop-gathering, or strawberry picking, like their remote ancestors, who lived by gathering nuts and berries. All are attracted by the joys of the open road and the open fire. Even garden parties or 'tea on the lawn' are the last feeble response of civilization to the same powerful summons; and what is the social round of Goodwood, Cowes, and the moors but the same inevitable reaction after the frivolities of the drawing room during the 'season'? 'Before the cave the prairie, and before that the jungle.'

There is a world of which we know nothing, a world set apart in the branches of the forest. We groundlings are cut off from it by our pedestrian habits, but we are still haunted at times by lingering ancestral memories, by sudden betrayals of unsuspected sympathies. It is difficult for us now to realize all the implications of tree life. Do we realize, for instance, that it is overshadowed by the constant menace of a danger entirely unknown to our existence — the danger of a fall? The necessity of guarding against this is paramount, it is the keynote of tree-life; for any relaxation may result in the sudden cessation of life itself. Thus it is even more important than the quest of food, for a single slip may prove fatal. To avoid this a highly developed instinct is essential, a form of habitual automatic reaction closely connected with the maintenance of bodily balance, but with other functions as well.

At night there are many difficulties to contend with. Sleep must come; and how, then, are involuntary movements to be controlled? In particular, how can sudden movements on awakening be avoided? I think the answer may be arrived at by subjective methods. When violently aroused at night by a loud noise, one sometimes freezes into absolute immobility, one's whole frame becomes rigid with expectancy. This might be partly explained by the fear of revealing one's position to the enemy whose approach might have caused the noise. But it may be more satisfactorily accounted for, I think, by attributing it to the need of remaining in the same position on the branch for a few seconds until

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conscious control is fully regained. We are gradually beginning, in these days of flying, to realize something of the danger of a fall; it is still difficult, however, to put oneself in the position of a tree-dweller, to whom a fall from even that small height may prove fatal. We habitually look at trees from below; hence our perspective and our point of view are both of them radically different from that of their inhabitants. Their world is as unlike ours as that of fishes or birds. It is a world in which the third dimension asserts its importance. It is not merely necessary to scan the horizon; your enemy may be above or below you. Here, as to-day in air-fighting, to get the height of your enemy may be of the highest importance. Everywhere, even on land, the upper berth is tactically valuable, but its value increases with the opportunity of using it. Perhaps that is why as a small boy one has felt a sense of power when high up in an apple tree, where potential ammunition grows on every branch. Hence too, perhaps, that foolish desire to throw things down from a cliff or bridge or an upper window — especially on a living target. The beanstalk country of the jungle is probably crowded with interests as variegated as those of the flat earth below; but ages of terrestrial life have blunted our perception of them.

It is only natural that instincts which normally repose on a lower level than consciousness should obtrude themselves during sleep. During the hours of darkness they are allowed to caper and revel like goblins in a kitchen while the mistress of the house is absent; but with the first streak of dawn they must scamper away to their hiding-places before she can come and catch them. Many a dream or nightmare is but the revival of a deep-seated race-memory, clothing itself in the imagery of personal experience. One can again speak best from one's own knowledge. One of my most common nightmares is concerned with bulls. I am alone on a wide prairie; there is borne in upon me the sense of imminent danger of attack from a herd of fierce bulls; and there is no refuge or protection except a frail fence of barbed wire which I negotiate. Even so the terror remains, for I do not appear to know from which direction the attack will come, and consequently which is the safe side of the fence. Sometimes my friends and relations are vaguely implicated; but it is not always clear to me whether they have been already attacked or whether that is to be expected. In both cases I am haunted by a feeling of helpless despair. Sometimes this is accentuated by the familiar phenomenon of 'leaden feet.'

In this form of nightmare may be detected, I think, several distinct strands. There is the fear of wild and dangerous animals (represented by the bulls); the instinct of seeking cover and of flight (by the fence and futile running); and the group-feeling or anxiety for one's comrades, which is perhaps a modified form of the herd-instinct. Most of my readers will have heard of the Freudian theory of dreams, which explains them as the breaking-out of a wish or instinct repressed during the hours of full consciousness by an inhibition of the will. During sleep the control is necessarily relaxed to a certain extent, and the wish or instinct reasserts itself, often revealing its nature by a curious kind of symbolism derived haphazard from the association of ideas. The inhibition of the desires connected with the reproductive instinct is the most common cause of dreams of this kind. I believe that the same is true of racially inherited instincts of less intensity, and that a

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tremendous impetus is given to their power over the sleeping subject by any shock which rouses them in real life. For instance, I trace this bull nightmare to having once been pursued by a cow when I was a small boy, and having narrowly escaped goring by jumping over a fence. I had often braved the peril before when crossing the same field, though not without inward misgivings. The shock caused by the actual fulfilment of my worst fears clinched matters and decided for me that forever afterwards all cows were dangerous and to be avoided. Even now it costs me an effort of will to pass through a herd of these harmless creatures, though the effect of emerging unscathed from many such encounters has nearly ousted my instinctive childish dread.

Now I take the bulls to be a symbol of all the evil wild beasts (like the aurochs, for example) to whose attacks prehistoric man was exposed. A great deal of his mental activity — his psychological reactions — was necessarily concerned with these beasts; his ideas revolved around them, and they occupied a large place in the background of his conceptual existence. He must constantly have been directing his actions with reference to them, whether in pursuit or flight or vigilant neutrality, or for conversion of them into meat, clothing, weapons, and tools. His earliest art betrays this same obsession. What more natural, therefore, than that the attention of children should similarly be attracted toward strange beasts — an attraction not unmixed with thrills of terror — thus recapitulating the experience of the race? What more probable than that the shock of a single terrifying experience should outlive the days of childhood as a nightmare, if we assume that this individual experience merely releases the springs of a powerful race-memory, wound up by centuries of habit? It seems likely that any shock which is thus connected with a race-memory acting through the medium of environmental factors once possessing great survival-value, may have more potent and lasting effects than shocks unconnected therewith.

During early childhood I was much harassed by another wild-beast nightmare, which has long ceased its troubling. I used to be taken by my nurse to play in some gardens near Regent's Park. These gardens were divided into two parts, connected by a tunnel under the Marylebone Road. This tunnel filled me with apprehension. The deep, hollow sound of voices in it, and the roar of the traffic overhead, were strange and terrifying phenomena. In my dreams I would find myself in this tunnel hemmed in on all sides by lions and tigers such as I had seen and heard roaring in the Zoological Gardens close by. My memories of this nightmare are now very dim, but I know that it was at the time most realistic and distressing. It derived none of its strength from nursery bogeys, with which I was never threatened. The same instinct was again responsible, I think, for seizing upon and magnifying an experience which bore a symbolic resemblance to ancestral dangers.

Closely akin was my attitude toward lions and tigers in general. I took a great interest in their geographical distribution. I was told that wolves were still to be found at large in parts of France, and that England owed its immunity to the Channel. I at once jumped to the conclusion that the moment one landed in France one would have to keep on the alert for fear of being attacked by them. Similarly I imagined that as soon as one stepped off the gangway at Bombay one would see tigers on all sides, and that it would be madness to walk abroad unarmed.

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The details were supplied by family associations with India, but I know that I was thoroughly convinced of the correctness of my opinions, and would have wished to act upon them had I gone there. The fact that I had recently been born in India and might possibly return there some day gave a practical interest to these reveries.

There are many strands woven into the fabric of our ancestry; some of them have their origin in very remote ages, some refer to more recent but still lengthy stages of development. Among those which lie midway may be placed our life in the trees. Everyone probably has experienced the sensation of flying in dreams. I can only speak for myself and one friend, but in both cases the flying is not like a bird's, but consists of progress by means of long hops, becoming longer and easier. Now, we are not descended from any flying mammal, but we are descended from a tree-living animal which progressed by swinging from branch to branch at a rapid rate, maintaining an upright posture with the feet. This dream-hopping, it may be said, does not resemble that swinging gait. Not, perhaps, to the extent of absolute identity, but then we have never actually so progressed during our individual lives; and I believe that race-memory is normally a *generalized* phenomenon, and takes its imagery from actual individual experience, sometimes symbolizing by means of that which approaches most nearly to the original model. Now in bathing I have often moved along the bottom in shallow water by half hopping, half floating in the water. Doing so seems to satisfy an instinct, but, however this may be, I think that the motion is seized upon by this tree-swinging memory as a symbol which conforms most nearly to its requirements. It is also possible that the memory is derived from an earlier ancestor in the kangaroo habits.

Many 'reincarnation myths' are probably due to revivals of race-memory under appropriate stimuli. Kipling's story of the spirit of Keats 'temporarily reinduced' into the body of a chemist's assistant is a case in point. The author, with characteristic sureness of insight, attributes the occurrence to the suggestive power of outward circumstances, recalling through association certain incidents in the poet's life. In another story the ancestral memories of a reincarnated galley-slave are aroused by reading Longfellow's lines:

> Wouldst thou, so the helmsman answered,
> Learn the secrets of the sea?
> Only those who brave its dangers
> Comprehend its mystery.

In both stories the fleeting revival of a latent idea or ancestral phase is accompanied by a wealth of detail and local coloring which renders it abnormal. Far be it from me to deny the possibility of such a phenomenon occurring under exceptional conditions. I quote these cases from the realm of fiction merely because there one sees in the bright imagery of creative art the same kind of revivals as may be observed less vividly in one's own life.

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[*The Poetry Review*]

THE LARGER LIBERTY

THE human soul, borne on white wings of destiny,—
Man's body red with blood-assault of war,—
Sees Christ outshining Cæsar — like a Star
Whose whelming Beauty rules the night's dark majesty.

Man's thought, too long obedient to despotic laws
Of lawless Kings; too true, too blind;
Now drives through starshine all the princely minds that pause
Before the day's apocalypse of Mind.

Princes and pomp of old — the pathos of the past
When law was tyranny and war romance —
Your love, your kin, your cause betray you at the last:
Now men strike madness down and hail the mind's advance.

The princely lie of right divine in laughter dies,
The pallid, spectral liars cheat the devil of his praise.
Brave Kings who led your underlings with license and with lies,
No free man mourns your majesties in these glad latter days.

[*To-Day*]

AFTER RAIN

BY JAMES H. MACKERETH

So blithely after the rain
The garden gleams and glitters:
Old Sol pops out again,
And every blackbird titters
For mirth in silvery song,
And thrush and finch take part;
To join the madcap throng
The wings, the elfin wings, are in my heart,
Gay thoughts like dewdrops glisten in the wild lights of my heart.

Come, Marybud, with me
Under the twinkling skies,
Where every shining tree
Is dazzling shining eyes.
Quick! Marybud, and share
The silver and the blue:
This morn the world's so fair
That love's most happy self is lovelier too;
Up the rainbow's span of splendor trips my happy heart to you!

Haste, Fay-o'-dreams! the bees
Pillage the foxglove bells;
With diamonded knees
From floral citadels
They shake the wet sun-sheen
To mimic mists and showers.
Oh, dazzling is the green,
And dazzling to the dancing eye the flowers;
But oh! the dazzling beauty of a joy that shall be ours!

Marybud, the big bee's drum
Sounds among the lupin spires.
Hark! the elves' processions come;
List! the tanging elfin lyres
Hum:
Columbines all tip-toe stare;
Magic, magic fills the air!
Marybud, oh, come and share —
Come!

DOUBT NO MORE THAT OBERON

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

DOUBT no more that Oberon —
Never doubt that Pan
Lived, and played a reed, and ran
After nymphs in a dark forest,
In the merry, credulous days,—
Lived, and led a fairy band
Over the indulgent land!
Ah, for in this dourest, sorest
Age man's eye has looked upon,
Death to fauns and death to fays,
Still the dog-wood dares to raise —
Healthy tree, with trunk and root —
Ivory bowls that bear no fruit,
And the starlings and jays,—
Birds that cannot even sing —
Dare to come again in spring!

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